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From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

1. *Funeral Discourse delivered on occasion of celebrating the Obsequies of his late Excellency the Perpetual Dictator of the Republic of Paraguay, the Citizen Dr. José Gaspar Francia, by Citizen the Rev. Manuel Antonio Perez, of the Church of the Incarnation, on the 20th of October, 1840.* (In the "British Packet and Argentine News," No. 813. Buenos Ayres, March 19, 1842.)
2. *Essai Historique sur la Révolution de Paraguay, et le Gouvernement Dictatorial du Docteur Francia.* Par MM. Rengger et Longchamp. 2de édition. Paris. 1827.
3. *Letters on Paraguay.* By J. P. and W. P. Robertson. 2 vols. Second edition. London. 1839.
4. *Francia's Reign of Terror.* (By the same.) London. 1839.
5. *Letters on South America.* (By the same.) 3 vols. London. 1843.
6. *Travels in Chile and La Plata.* By John Miers. 2 vols. London. 1826.
7. *Memoirs of General Miller, in the Service of the Republic of Peru.* 2 vols. 2d edition. London. 1829.

THE confused South American revolution, and set of revolutions, like the South American continent itself, is doubtless a great confused phenomenon; worthy of better knowledge than men yet have of it. Several books, of which we here name a few known to us, have been written on the subject: but bad books mostly, and productive of almost no effect. The heroes of South America

have not yet succeeded in picturing any image of themselves, much less any true image of themselves, in the Cis-Atlantic mind or memory.

Iturbide, "the Napoleon of Mexico," a great man in that narrow country, who was he? He made the thrice-celebrated "Plan of Iguala;" a constitution of no continuance. He became Emperor of Mexico, most serene "Augustin I.;" was deposed, banished to Leghorn, to London; decided on returning; landed on the shore of Tampico, and was there met, and shot: this, in a vague sort, is what the world knows of the Napoleon of Mexico, most serene Augustin the First, most unfortunate Augustin the Last. He did himself publish memoirs or memorials,* but few can read them. Oblivion, and the deserts of Panama, have swallowed this brave Don Augustin: *vate caruit sacro*.

And Bolivar, "the Washington of Columbia," Liberator Bolivar, he too is gone without his fame. Melancholy lithographs represent to us a long-faced, square-browed man; of stern, considerate, *consciously* considerate aspect, mildly aquiline form of nose; with terrible angularity of jaw; and dark deep eyes, somewhat too close together (for which latter circumstance we earnestly hope the lithograph alone is to blame): this is Liberator Bolivar:—a man of much hard fighting, hard riding, of manifold achievements, distresses, heroisms and histrionisms in this world; a many-counselled, much-enduring man, now dead and gone;—of whom,

* "A Statement of some of the Principal Events in the Public Life of Augustin de Iturbide: written by himself." London. 1843.

except that melancholy lithograph, the cultivated European public knows as good as nothing. Yet did he not fly hither and thither, often in the most desperate manner, with wild cavalry clad in blankets, with War of Liberation "to the death?" Clad in blankets, *ponchos* the South Americans call them: it is a square blanket, with a short slit in the centre, which you draw over your head, and so leave hanging: many a liberal cavalier has ridden, in those hot climates, without further dress at all; and fought handsomely too, wrapping the blanket round his arm, when it came to the charge.

With such cavalry, and artillery and infantry to match, Bolivar has ridden, fighting all the way, through torrid deserts, hot mud-swamps, through ice-chasms beyond the curve of perpetual frost, more miles than Ulysses ever sailed: let the coming Homers take note of it. He has marched over the Andes, more than once, a feat analogous to Hannibal's, and seemed to think little of it. Often beaten, banished from the firm land, he always returned again, truculently fought again. He gained in the Cumana regions the "immortal victory" of Carababo and several others; under him was gained the finishing "immortal victory" of Ayacucho in Peru, where Old Spain, for the last time, burnt powder in those latitudes, and then fled without return. He was Dictator, Liberator, almost emperor, if he had lived. Some three times over did he, in solemn Columbian parliament, lay down his Dictatorship with Washington eloquence; and as often, on pressing request, take it up again, being a man indispensable. Thrice, or at least twice, did he, in different places, painfully construct a Free Constitution, consisting of "two chambers, and a supreme governor for life with liberty to name his successor," the reasonablest democratic constitution you could well construct; and twice, or at least once, did the people, on trial, declare it disagreeable. He was, of old, well known in Paris; in the dissolute, the philosophico-political, and other circles there. He has shone in many a gay Parisian *soirée*, this Simon Bolivar; and he, in his later years, in autumn 1825, rode triumphant into Potosi and the fabulous Inca Cities, with clouds of feathered Indians somersetting and war-whooping round him,*—and "as the famed *Cerro*, metalliferous Mountain, came in sight, the bells all pealed out, and there was a thunder of

artillery," says General Miller! If this is not a Ulysses, Polytlas and Polymetis, a much-enduring and many-counselled man, where was there one? Truly a Ulysses whose history were worth its ink,—had the Homer that could do it made his appearance!

Of General San Martin, too, there will be something to be said. General San Martin, when we last saw him, twenty years ago or more—through the organs of the authentic steadfast Mr. Miers—had a handsome house in Mendoza, and "his own portrait, as I remarked, hung up between those of Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington." In Mendoza, cheerful, mudbuilt, whitewashed town, seated at the eastern base of the Andes, "with its shady public-walk well paved and swept;" looking out pleasantly, on this hand, over wide horizons of Pampa wilderness; pleasantly on that, to the Rock-chain, *Cordillera* they call it, of the sky-piercing Mountains, capt in snow, or with volcanic fumes issuing from them: there dwelt General *Ex-Generalissimo* San Martin, ruminating past adventures over half the world; and had his portrait hung up between Napoleon's and the Duke of Wellington's.

Did the reader ever hear of San Martin's march over the Andes into Chile? It is a feat worth looking at; comparable, most likely, to Hannibal's march over the Alps, while there was yet no Simplon or Mont-Cénis highway; and *it* transacted itself in the year 1817. South American armies think little of picking their way through the gullies of the Andes: so the Buenos-Ayres people, having driven out their own Spaniards, and established the reign of freedom, though in a precarious manner, thought it were now good to drive the Spaniards out of Chile, and establish the reign of freedom there also instead: whereupon San Martin, commander at Mendoza, was appointed to do it. By way of preparation, for he began from afar, San Martin, while an army is getting ready at Mendoza, assembles "at the Fort of San Carlos, by the Aguanda river," some days' journey to the south, all attainable tribes of the Pehuenche Indians, to a solemn *Palaver*, so they name it, and civic entertainment, on the esplanade there. The ceremonies and deliberations, as described by General Miller, are somewhat surprising; still more the concluding civic feast, which lasts for three days, which consists of horses' flesh for the solid part, and horses' blood with ardent spirits *ad libitum* for the liquid, consumed with such alacrity, with such results as one may fancy.

* Memoirs of General Miller.

However, the women had prudently removed all the arms beforehand; nay, "five or six of these poor women, taking it by turns, were always found in a sober state, watching over the rest;" so that comparatively little mischief was done, and only "one or two" deaths by quarrel took place.

The Pehuenches having drunk their ardent-water and horses' blood in this manner, and sworn eternal friendship to San Martin, went home, and—communicated to his enemies, across the Andes, the road he meant to take. This was what San Martin had foreseen and meant, the knowing man! He hastened his preparations, got his artillery slung on poles, his men equipt with knapsacks and haversacks, his mules in readiness; and, in all stillness, set forth from Mendoza by *another* road. Few things in late war, according to General Miller, have been more note-worthy than this march. The long straggling line of soldiers, six thousand and odd, with their quadrupeds and baggage, winding through the heart of the Andes, breaking for a brief moment the old abysmal solitudes!—For you farre along, on some narrow roadway, through stony labyrinths; huge rock-mountains hanging over your head, on this hand; and under your feet, on that, the roar of mountain-cataracts, horror of bottomless chasms; the very winds and echoes howling on you in an almost preternatural manner. Towering rock-barriers rise sky-high before you, and behind you, and around you; intricate the outgate! The roadway is narrow; footing none of the best. Sharp turns there are, where it will behove you to mind your paces; one false step, and you will need no second; in the gloomy jaws of the abyss you vanish, and the spectral winds howl requiem. Somewhat better are the suspension-bridges, made of bamboo and leather, though they swing like see-saws: men are stationed with lassos, to gin you dexterously, and fish you up from the torrent, if you trip there.

Through this kind of country did San Martin march; straight towards San Iago, to fight the Spaniards and deliver Chile. For ammunition wagons, he had *sorras*, sledges, canoe-shaped boxes, made of dried bull-hide. His cannons were carried on the back of mules, each cannon on two mules judiciously harnessed: on the packsaddle of your foremost mule, there rested with firm girths a long strong pole; the other end of which (*forked* end, we suppose) rested, with like girths, on the packsaddle of the hindmost mule; your cannon was slung with

leathern straps on this pole, and so travelled, swaying and dangling, yet moderately secure. In the knapsack of each soldier was eight days' provender, dried beef ground into snuff-powder, with a modicum of pepper, and some slight seasoning of biscuit or maize-meal; "store of onions, of garlic," was not wanting: Paraguay tea could be boiled at eventide, by fire of scrub-bushes, or almost of rock-lichens or dried mule-dung. No further baggage was permitted; each soldier lay, at night, wrapt in his *poncho*, with his knapsack for pillow, under the canopy of heaven; lulled by hard travail; and sank soon enough into steady nose-melody, into the foolishlest rough colt-dance of unimaginable Dreams. Had he not left much behind him in the Pampas,—mother, mistress, what not; and was like to find somewhat, if he ever got across to Chile living? What an entity, one of those night-leaguers of San Martin; all steadily snoring there, in the heart of the Andes, under the eternal stars! Wayworn sentries with difficulty keep themselves awake; tired mules chew barley rations, or doze on three legs; the feeble watchfire will hardly kindle a cigar; Canopus and the Southern Cross glitter down; and all snores steadily, begirt by granite deserts, looked on by the constellations in that manner! San Martin's improvident soldiers ate out their week's rations almost in half the time; and for the last three days, had to rush on, spurred by hunger: this also the knowing San Martin had foreseen; and knew that they could bear it, these rugged *Guachos* of his; nay that they would march all the faster for it. On the eighth day, hungry as wolves, swift and sudden as a torrent from the mountains, they disembogued; straight towards San Iago, to the astonishment of men;—struck the doubly astonished Spaniards into dire misgivings, and then, in pitched fight, after due manœuvres, into total defeat on the "Plains of Maypo," and again positively for the last time, on the Plains or Heights of "Chacabuco;" and completed the "deliverance of Chile," as was thought for ever and a day.

Alas, the "deliverance" of Chile was but commenced; very far from completed. Chile, after many more deliverances, up to this hour, is always but "delivered" from one set of evildoers to another set! San Martin's manœuvres to liberate Peru, to unite Peru and Chile, and become some Washington-Napoleon of the same, did not prosper so well. The suspicion of mankind had to

rouse itself; Liberator Bolivar had to be called in; and some revolution or two to take place in the interim. San Martin sees himself peremptorily, though with courtesy, complimented over the Andes again; and in due leisure, at Mendoza, hangs his portrait between Napoleon's and Wellington's. Mr. Miers considered him a fair-spoken, obliging, if somewhat artful man. Might not the Chilenos as well have *taken* him for their Napoleon? They have gone farther, and, as yet, fared little better!

The world-famous General O'Higgins, for example, he, after some revolution or two, became Director of Chile: but so terribly hampered by "class-legislation" and the like, what could he make of it? Almost nothing! O'Higgins is clearly of Irish breed; and, though a Chileno born, and "natural son of Don Ambrosio O'Higgins, formerly the Spanish Viceroy of Chile," carries his Hibernianism in his very face. A most cheery, jovial, buxom countenance, radiant with pep-ticity, good humour, and manifold effectuality in peace and war! Of his battles and adventures let some luckier epic writer sing or speak. One thing we Foreign Reviewers will always remember: his father's immense merits towards Chile in the matter of highways. Till Don Ambrosio arrived to govern Chile, some half century ago, there probably was not a made road of ten miles long from Panama to Cape Horn. Indeed, except his roads, we fear there is hardly any yet. One omits the old Inca causeways, as too narrow (being only three feet broad), and altogether unfrequented in the actual ages. Don Ambrosio made, with incredible industry and perseverance and skill, in every direction, roads, roads. From San Iago to Valparaiso, when only sure-footed mules with their packsaddles carried goods, there can now wooden-axled cars loud-sounding, or any kind of vehicle, commodiously roll. It was he that shaped these passes through the Andes, for most part; hewed them out from mule-tracks into roads, certain of them. And think of his *casuchas*. Always on the higher inhospitable solitudes, at every few miles distance, stands a trim brick cottage, or *casucha*, into which the forlorn traveller introducing himself, finds covert and grateful safety; nay food and refection,—for there are "iron boxes" of pounded beef or other provender, iron boxes of charcoal; to all which the traveller, having bargained with the Post-office authorities, carries a key.* Steel and

tinder are not wanting to him, nor due iron skillet, with water from the stream; there he, striking a light, cooks hoarded victual at even-tide, amid the lonely pinnacles of the world, and blesses Governor O'Higgins. With "both hands," it may be hoped,—if there is vivacity of mind in him:

Had you seen this road before it was made,
You would lift both your hands, and bless General
Wade!

It affects one with real pain to hear from Mr. Miers, that the War of Liberty has half ruined these O'Higgins *casuchas*. Patriot soldiers, in want of more warmth than the charcoal box could yield, have not scrupled to tear down the door, door-case, or whatever wooden thing could be come at, and burn it, on the spur of the moment. The storm-staid traveller, who sometimes, in threatening weather has to linger here for days, "for fifteen days together," does not lift both his hands, and bless the Patriot soldier!

Nay, it appears, the O'Higgins roads, even in the plain country, have not, of late years, been repaired, or in the least attended to, so distressed was the finance department; and are now fast verging towards impassability and the condition of mule-tracks again. What a set of animals are men and Chilenos! If an O'Higgins did not now and then appear among them, what would become of the unfortunates? Can you wonder that an O'Higgins sometimes loses temper with them; *shuts* the persuasive outspread hand, clutching some sharpest hide-whip, some terrible sword of justice or gallows-lasso therewith, instead—and becomes a Dr. Francia now and then! Both the O'Higgins, and the Francia, it seems probable, are phases of the same character; both, one begins to fear, are indispensable from time to time, in a world inhabited by men and Chilenos!

As to O'Higgins the Second, Patriot, Natural-son O'Higgins, he, as we said, had almost no success whatever as a governor; being hampered by class-legislation. Alas, a governor in Chile cannot succeed. A governor there has to resign himself to the want of success: and should say, in cheerful interrogative tone, like that Pope elect, who showing himself on the balcony, was greeted with mere howls, "*Non piacemmo al popolo?*"—and thereupon proceed cheerfully to the *next* fact. Governing is a rude business everywhere; but in South America it is of quite primitive rudeness: they have no par-

* Miers.

liamentary way of changing ministries as yet; nothing but the rude primitive way of hanging the old ministry on gibbets, that the new may be installed! Their government has altered its name, says the sturdy Mr. Miers, rendered sulky by what he saw there: altered its name, but its nature continues as before. Shameless peculation, malversation, that is their government: oppression formerly by Spanish officials, now by native hacendados, land-proprietors,—the thing called justice still at a great distance from them, says the sulky Mr. Miers!—Yes, but coming always, answer we: every new gibbeting of an old ineffectual ministry bringing justice somewhat nearer! Nay, as Miers himself has to admit, certain improvements are already indisputable. Trade everywhere, in spite of multiplex confusions, has increased, is increasing; the days of somnolent monopoly and the old Acapulco ship are gone, quite over the horizon. Two good, or partially good measures, the very necessity of things has everywhere brought about in those poor countries: clipping of the enormous bat-wings of the clergy, and emancipating of the slaves. Bat-wings, we say; for truly the South American clergy had grown to be as a kind of bat-vampires:—readers have heard of that huge South American bloodsucker, which fixes its bill in your circulating vital-fluid as you lie *asleep*, and there sucks; waving you with the motion of its detestable leather wings into ever deeper sleep; and so drinking till it is satisfied, and you—do not awaken any more! The South American governments, all in natural feuds with the old church-dignitaries, and likewise all in great straits for cash, have everywhere confiscated the monasteries, cashiered the disobedient dignitaries, melted the superfluous church-plate into piasters; and, on the whole, shorn the *wings* of their vampire; so that if it still suck, you will at least have a chance of awakening before death!—Then again, the very want of soldiers of liberty led to the emancipating of blacks, yellows, and other coloured persons: your mulatto, nay your negro, if well drilled, will stand fire as well as another.

Poor South American emancipators; they began with Volney, Raynal and Company, at that gospel of Social Contract and the Rights of Man; under the most unpropitious circumstances; and have hitherto got only to the length we see! Nay now, it seems, they do possess “universities,” which are at least schools with other than monk teachers:

they have got libraries, though as yet almost nobody reads them,—and our friend Miers, repeatedly knocking at all doors of the Grand Chile National Library, could never to this hour discover where the key lay, and had to content himself with looking through the windows.* Miers, as already hinted, desiderates unspeakable improvements in Chile;—desiderates, indeed, as the basis of all, an immense increase of soap-and-water. Yes, thou sturdy Miers, dirt is decidedly to be removed, whatever improvements, temporal or spiritual, may be intended next! According to Miers, the open, still more the secret personal nastiness of those remote populations, rises almost towards the sublime. Finest silks, gold brocades, pearl necklaces, and diamond ear-drops, are no security against it: alas, all is not gold that glitters; somewhat that glitters is mere putrid fish-skin! Decided, enormously increased appliances of soap-and-water, in all its branches, with all its adjuncts; this, according to Miers, would be an improvement. He says also (“in his haste,” as is probable, like the Hebrew Psalmist), that all Chileno men are liars; all, or to appearance, all! A people that uses almost no soap, and speaks almost no truth, but goes about in that fashion, in a state of personal nastiness, and also of spiritual nastiness, approaching the sublime; such people is not easy to govern well!—

But undoubtedly by far the notablest of all these South American phenomena is Dr. Francia and his Dictatorship in Paraguay; concerning whom and which we have now more particularly to speak. Francia and his “reign of terror” have excited some interest, much vague wonder in this country; and especially given a great shock to constitutional feeling. One would rather wish to know Dr. Francia;—but unhappily one cannot! Out of such a murk of distracted shadows and rumours, in the other hemisphere of the world, who would pretend at present to decipher the real portraiture of Dr. Francia and his Life? None of us can. A few credible features, wonderful enough, original enough in our constitutional time, will perhaps to the impartial eye disclose themselves: these, with some endeavour to interpret these, may lead certain readers into various reflections, constitutional and other, not entirely without benefit.

Certainly, as we say, nothing could well shock the constitutional feeling of mankind

* Travels in Chile.

as Dr. Francia has done. Dionysius the tyrant of Syracuse, and indeed the whole breed of tyrants, one hoped, had gone many hundred years ago, with their reward; and here, under our very nose, rises a new "tyrant," claiming also *his* reward from us! Precisely when constitutional liberty was beginning to be understood a little, and we flattered ourselves that by due ballot-boxes, by due registration-courts, and bursts of parliamentary eloquence, something like a real National Palavar would be got up in those countries,—arises this tawny-visaged, lean, inexorable Dr. Francia; claps you an embargo on all that; says to constitutional liberty, in the most tyrannous manner, Hitherto, and no farther! It is an undeniable, though an almost incredible fact, that Francia, a lean private individual, Practitioner of Law, and Doctor of Divinity, did, for twenty or near thirty years, stretch out his rod over the foreign commerce of Paraguay, saying to it, Cease! The ships lay high and dry, their pitchless seams all yawning on the clay banks of the Parana; and no man could trade but by Francia's license. If any person entered Paraguay, and the Doctor did not like his papers, his talk, conduct, or even the cut of his face,—it might be the worse for such person! Nobody could leave Paraguay on any pretext whatever. It mattered not that you were man of science, astronomer, geologist, astrologer, wizard of the north; Francia heeded none of these things. The whole world knows of M. Aimé Bonpland; how Francia seized him, descending on his tea-establishment in Entre Rios, like an obscene vulture, and carried him into the interior, contrary even to the law of nations; how the great Humboldt and other high persons expressly applied to Dr. Francia, calling on him, in the name of human science, as it were under penalty of reprobation, to liberate M. Bonpland; and how Dr. Francia made no answer, and M. Bonpland did not return to Europe, and indeed has never yet returned. It is also admitted that Dr. Francia had a gallows, had jailers, law-fiscals, officials; and executed, in his time, "upwards of forty persons," some of them in a very summary manner. Liberty of private judgment, unless it kept its mouth shut, was at an end in Paraguay. Paraguay lay under interdict, cut off for above twenty years from the rest of the world, by a new Dionysius of Paraguay. All foreign commerce had ceased; how much more all domestic constitution-building! These are

strange facts. Dr. Francia, we may conclude at least, was not a common man but an uncommon.

How unfortunate that there is almost no knowledge of him procurable at present! Next to none. The Paraguenos can in many cases spell and read, but they are not a literary people; and, indeed, this Doctor was, perhaps, too awful a practical phenomenon to be calmly treated of in the literary way. Your Breughel paints his sea-storm, not while the ship is labouring and cracking, but after he has got to shore, and is safe under cover! Our Buenos-Ayres friends, again, who are not without habits of printing, lay at a great distance from Francia, under great obscurations of quarrel and controversy with him; their constitutional feeling shocked to an extreme degree by the things he did. To them, there could little intelligence float down, on those long muddy waters, through those vast distracted countries, that was not more or less of a distracted nature; and then from Buenos-Ayres over into Europe, there is another long tract of distance, liable to new distractions. Francia, Dictator of Paraguay, is, at present, to the European mind, little other than a chimera; at best, the statement of a puzzle, to which the solution is still to seek. As the Paraguenos, though not a literary people, can many of them spell and write, and are not without a discriminating sense of true and untrue, why should not some real "Life of Francia," from those parts, be still possible? If a writer of genius arise there, he is hereby invited to the enterprise. Surely in all places your writing genius ought to rejoice over an acting genius, when he falls in with such; and say to himself: "Here or nowhere is the thing for me to write of! Why do I keep pen and ink at all, if not to apprise men of this singular acting genius and the like of him? My fine-arts and æsthetics, my epics, literatures, poetries, if I will think of it, do all at bottom mean either that or else nothing whatever!"

Hitherto our chief source of information as to Francia is a little book, the second on our list, set forth in French some sixteen years ago, by the Messrs. Rengger and Longchamp. Translations into various languages were executed:—of that into English, it is our painful duty to say that no man, except in case of extreme necessity, shall use it as reading. The translator, having little fear of human detection, and seemingly none at all of divine or diabolic, has done his work even unusually ill; with ignorance,

with carelessness, with dishonesty prepense; coolly *omitting* whatsoever he *saw* that he did not understand:—poor man, if he yet survive, let him reform in time! He has made a French book, which was itself but lean and dry, into the most wooden of English false books; doing evil as he could in that matter;—and claimed wages for it, as if the feat deserved *wages* first of all! Reformation, even on the small scale, is highly necessary.

The Messrs. Rengger and Longchamp were, and we hope still are, two Swiss Surgeons; who in the year 1819 resolved on carrying their talents into South America, into Paraguay, with views towards “natural history,” among other things. After long toiling and struggling in those Parana floods, and distracted provinces, after much detention by stress of weather and of war, they arrived accordingly in Francia’s country; but found that, without Francia’s leave, they could not quit it again. Francia was now a Dionysius of Paraguay. Paraguay had grown to be, like some mousetraps and other contrivances of art and nature, easy to enter, impossible to get out of. Our brave Surgeons, our brave Rengger (for it is he alone of the two that speaks and writes) reconciled themselves; were set to doctoring of Francia’s soldiery, of Francia’s self; collected plants and beetles; and, for six years, endured their lot rather handsomely: at length, in 1825, the embargo was for a time lifted, and they got home. This book was the consequence. It is not a good book, but at that date there was, on the subject, no other book at all: nor is there yet any other better, or as good. We consider it to be authentic, veracious, moderately accurate; though lean and dry, it is intelligible, rational; in the French original, not unreadable. We may say it embraces up to this date, the present date, all of importance that is yet known in Europe about the Doctor Despot; add to this its indisputable *brevity*; the fact that it can be read sooner by several hours than any other *Dr. Francia*: these are its excellencies,—considerable, though wholly of a comparative sort.

After all, brevity is the soul of wit! There is an endless merit in a man’s knowing when to have done. The stupidest man, if he will be brief in proportion, may fairly claim some hearing from us: he too, the stupidest man, has seen something, heard something, which is his own, distinctly peculiar, never seen or heard by any man in this world before; let him tell us that, and if it were possible, *no-*

thing more than that,—he, brief in proportion, shall be welcome!

The Messrs. Robertson, with their “*Francia’s Reign of Terror*,” and other books on South America, have been much before the world of late; and failed not of a perusal from this reviewer; whose next sad duty it now is to say a word about them. The Messrs. Robertson, some thirty or five-and-thirty years ago, were two young Scotchmen from the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, as would seem; who, under fair auspices, set out for Buenos-Ayres, thence for Paraguay, and other quarters of that remote continent in the way of commercial adventure. Being young men of vivacity and open eyesight, they surveyed with attentive view those convulsed regions of the world; wherein it was evident that revolution raged not a little; but also that precious metals, cow-hides, Jesuits’ bark, and multiplex commodities, were nevertheless extant; and iron, or brazen implements, ornaments, cotton and woollen clothing, and British manufactures not a few, were objects of desire to mankind. The brothers Robertson, acting on these facts, appear to have prospered, to have extensively flourished in their commerce; which they gradually extended up the River Plate, to the city of the Seven Streams or Currents (*Corrientes*, so called), and higher even to Assumpcion, metropolis of Paraguay; in which latter place, so extensive did the commercial interests grow, it seemed at last expedient that one or both of the prosperous brothers should take up his personal residence. Personal residence accordingly they did take up, one or both of them, and maintain, in a fluctuating way, now in this city, now in that, of the De la Plata, Parana, or Paraguay country, for a considerable space of years. How many years, in precise arithmetic, it is impossible, from these inextricably complicated documents now before us, to ascertain. In Paraguay itself, in Assumpcion city itself, it is very clear, the brothers Robertson did, successively or simultaneously, in a fluctuating inextricable manner, live for certain years; and occasionally saw Dr. Francia with their own eyes,—though, to them or others, he had not yet become notable.

Mountains of cow and other hides, it would appear, quitted those countries by movement of the brothers Robertson, to be worn out in Europe as tanned boots and horse-harness, with more or less satisfaction, not without due profit to the merchants, we shall hope. About the time of Dr. Francia’s

beginning his "reign of terror," or earlier it may be, (for there are no dates in these inextricable documents,) the Messrs. Robertson were lucky enough to take final farewell of Paraguay, and carry their commercial enterprises into other quarters of that vast continent, where the reign was not of terror. Their voyagings, counter-voyagings, comings and goings, seem to have been extensive, frequent, inextricably complex; to Europe, to Tucuman, to Glasgow, to Chile, to Laswade and elsewhere; too complex for a succinct intelligence, as that of our readers has to be at present. Sufficient for us to know, that the Messrs. Robertson did bodily, and for good, return to their own country some few years since, with what net result of cash is but dimly adumbrated in these documents; certainly with some increase of knowledge—had the unfolding of it but been brief in proportion! Indisputably the Messrs. Robertson had somewhat to tell: their eyes had seen some new things, of which their hearts and understandings had taken hold more or less. In which circumstances the Messrs. Robertson decided on publishing a book. Arrangements being made, two volumes of "Letters on Paraguay" came out, with due welcome from the world, in 1839.

We have read these "Letters" for the first time lately: a book of somewhat *aqueous* structure: immeasurably thinner than one could have wished; otherwise not without merit. It is written in an offhand, free-glowing, very artless, very incorrect style of language, of thought, and of conception; breathes a cheerful, eupeptic, social spirit, as of adventurous South American Britons, worthy to succeed in business; gives one, here and there, some visible concrete feature, some lively glimpse of those remote sunburnt countries; and has throughout a kind of bantering humour or quasi-humour, a joviality and healthiness of heart, which is comfortable to the reader, in some measure. A book not to be despised in these dull times: one of that extensive class of books which a reader can peruse, so to speak, "with one eye shut and the other not open," a considerable luxury for some readers. These "Letters on Paraguay" meeting, as would seem, a unanimous approval, it was now determined by the Messrs. Robertson that they would add a third volume, and entitle it "Dr. Francia's Reign of Terror." They did so, and this likewise the present reviewer has read. Unluckily the authors had, as it were, nothing more whatever to say about Dr.

Francia, or next to nothing; and under this condition, it must be owned they have done their book with what success was well possible. Given a cubic inch of respectable Castile soap, to lather it up in water so as to fill one puncheon wine-measure: this is the problem; let a man have credit (of its kind) for doing his problem! The Messrs. Robertson have picked almost every fact of significance from "Rengger and Longchamp," adding some not very significant reminiscences of their own; this is the square inch of soap: you lather it up in Robertsonian loquacity, joviality, Commercial-Inn banter, Leading-Article philosophy, or other aqueous vehicles, till it fills the puncheon, the volume of four hundred pages, and say "There!" The public, it would seem, did not fling even this in the face of the venders, but bought it as a puncheon filled; and the consequences are already here: three volumes more on "South America," from the same assiduous Messrs. Robertson! These also, in his eagerness, this present reviewer has read; and has, alas, to say that they are simply the old volumes in new vocables, under a new figure. Intrinsically all that we did not already know of these three volumes—there are craftsmen of no great eminence who will undertake to write it in one sheet! Yet there they stand, three solid-looking volumes, a thousand printed pages and upwards; three puncheons *more* lathered out of the old square inch of Castile soap! It is too bad. A necessitous ready-witted Irishman sells you an indifferent gray-horse; steals it overnight, paints it black, and sells it you again on the morrow; *he* is haled before judges, sharply cross-questioned, tried and almost executed, for such adroitness in horse-flesh; but there is no law yet as to books!

M. de la Condamine, about a century ago, was one of a world-famous company that went into those equinoctial countries, and for the space of nine or ten years did exploits there. From Quito to Cuença, he measured you degrees of the meridian, climbed mountains, took observations, had adventures; wild Creoles opposing Spanish nescience to human science; wild Indians throwing down your whole cargo of instruments occasionally in the heart of remote deserts, and striking work there.* M. de la Condamine saw bull-fights at Cuença, five days running; and on the fifth day, saw his unfortunate too auda-

* Condamine: Relation d'un Voyage dans l'Intérieur de l'Amérique méridionale.

cious surgeon massacred by popular tumult there. He sailed the entire length of the Amazons River, in Indian canoes; over narrow Pongo rapids, over infinite mud-waters, the infinite tangled wilderness with its reeking desolation on the right hand of him and on the left;—and had mischances, adventures, and took celestial observations all the way, and made remarks! Apart altogether from his meridian degrees, which belong in a very strict sense to world-history and the advancement of all Adam's sinful posterity, this man and his party saw and suffered many hundred times as much of mere romance adventure as the Messrs. Robertson did:—Madame Godin's passage down the Amazons, and frightful life-in-death amid the howling forest-labyrinths, and wrecks of her dead friends, amounts to more adventure of itself than was ever dreamt of in the Robertsonian world. And of all this M. de la Condamine gives pertinent, lucid, and conclusively intelligible and credible account in one very small octavo volume; not quite the eighth part of what the Messrs. Robertson have already written, in a not pertinent, not lucid, or conclusively intelligible and credible manner. And the Messrs. Robertson talk repeatedly, in their last volumes, of writing still other volumes on Chile, "if the public will encourage." The Public will be a monstrous fool if it do. The Public ought to stipulate first, that the real new knowledge forthcoming there about Chile be separated from the knowledge or ignorance already known; that the preliminary question be rigorously put, Are several volumes the space to hold it, or a small fraction of one volume!

On the whole, it is a sin, good reader, though there is no Act of Parliament against it; an indubitable *malefaction* or crime. No mortal has a right to wag his tongue, much less to wag his pen, without saying something: he knows not what mischief he does, past computation; scattering words without meaning,—to afflict the whole world yet, before they cease! For thistle-down flies abroad on all winds and airs of wind: idle thistles, idle dandelions, and other idle products of Nature or the human mind, propagate themselves in that way; like to cover the face of the earth, did not man's indignant providence with reap-hook, with rake, with autumnal steel-and-tinder, intervene. It is frightful to think how every idle volume flies abroad like an idle globular downbeard, embryo of new millions; every word of it a potential seed of infinite new downbeards and

volumes; for the mind of man is feracious, is voracious; germinative, above all things, of the downbeard species! Why, the author corps in Great Britain, every soul of them *inclined* to grow mere dandelions if permitted, is now supposed to be about ten thousand strong; and the reading corps, who read merely to escape from themselves, with one eye shut and the other not open, and will put up with almost any dandelion or thing which they can read *without* opening both their eyes, amounts to twenty-seven millions all but a few! O could the Messrs. Robertson, spirited, articulate-speaking men, once know well in what a comparatively blessed mood you close your brief, intelligent, conclusive M. de la Condamine, and feel that you have passed your evening well and nobly, as in a temple of wisdom,—not ill and disgracefully, as in brawling tavern supper-rooms, with fools and noisy persons,—ah, in that case, perhaps the Messrs. Robertson would write their new work on Chile in *part* of a volume!

But enough of this Robertsonian department; which we must leave to the Fates and Supreme Providences. These spirited, articulate-speaking Robertsons are far from the worst of their kind; nay, among the best if you will;—only unlucky in this case, in coming across the autumnal steel and tinder! Let it cease to rain angry sparks on them: enough now, and more than enough. To cure that unfortunate department by philosophical criticism—the attempt is most vain. Who will dismount, on a hasty journey, with a day declining, to attack mosquito-swarms with the horsewhip? Spur swiftly through them; breathing perhaps some pious prayer to heaven. By the horsewhip they cannot be killed. Drain out the swamps where they are bred,—Ah, couldst thou do something towards that! And in the meanwhile: How to get on with this of Dr. Francia?

The materials, as our reader sees, are of the miserablest: mere intricate inanity (if we except poor wooden *Rengger*.) and little more; not facts, but broken shadows of facts; clouds of confused bluster and jargon;—the whole still more bewildered in the *Robertsons*, by what we may call a running shriek of constitutional denunciation, "sanguinary tyrant," and so forth. How is any picture of Francia to be fabricated out of that? Certainly, first of all, by *omission* of the running shriek! This letter we shall totally omit. Francia, the sanguinary tyrant, was not bound to look at the world through Rengger's eyes, through Parish Robertson's

eyes, but faithfully through his own eyes. We are to consider that, in all human likelihood, this Dionysius of Paraguay did mean something; and then to ask in quietness, What? The running shriek once hushed, perhaps many things will compose themselves, and straggling fractions of information, almost infinitesimally small, may become unexpectedly luminous!

An unscientific cattle-breeder and tiller of the earth, in some nameless *chacra* not far from the city of Assumpcion, was the father of this remarkable human individual; and seems to have evoked him into being some time in the year 1757. The man's name is not known to us; his very nation is a point of controversy: Francia himself gave him out for an immigrant of French extraction; the popular belief was, that he had wandered over from Brazil. Portuguese or French, or both in one, he produced this human individual, and had him christened by the name of José Gaspar Rodriguez Francia, in the year above-mentioned. Rodriguez, no doubt, had a mother too; but her name also, nowhere found mentioned, must be omitted in this delineation. Her name, and all her fond maternities, and workings and sufferings, good brown lady, are sunk in dumb forgetfulness; and buried there along with her, under the twenty-fifth parallel of Southern Latitude; and no British reader is required to interfere with them! José Rodriguez must have been a loose-made tawney creature, much given to taciturn reflection; probably to crying humours, with fits of vehement ill nature: such a subject, it seemed to the parent Francia cautiously reflecting on it, would, of all attainable trades, be suitablest for preaching the gospel, and doing the divine offices in a country like Paraguay. There were other young Francias; at least one sister and one brother in addition; of whom the latter by-and-by went mad. The Francias, with their adust character, and vehement French-Portuguese blood, had perhaps all a kind of aptitude for madness. The Dictator himself was subject to the terriblest fits of hypochondria, as your adust "men of genius" too frequently are! The lean Rodriguez, we fancy, may have been of a devotional turn withal; born half a century earlier, he had infallibly been so. Devotional or not, he shall be a priest, and *do* the divine office in Paraguay, perhaps in a very unexpected way.

Rodriguez having learned his hornbooks and elementary branches at Assumpcion, was accordingly despatched to the University of

Cordova in Tucuman, to pursue his curriculum in that seminary. So far we know, but almost no farther. What kind of curriculum it was, what lessons, spiritual spoon-meat, the poor lank sallow boy was crammed with, in Cordova High Seminary; and how he took to it, and pined or thrived on it, is entirely uncertain. Lank sallow boys in the Tucuman and other High seminaries are often dreadfully ill-dealt with, in respect of their spiritual spoon-meat, as times go! Spoon-poison you might often call it rather: as if the object were to make them Mithridateses, able to *live* on poison? Which may be a useful art, too, in its kind? Nay, in fact, if we consider it, these high seminaries and establishments exist there, in Tucuman and elsewhere, not for that lank sallow boy's special purposes, but for their own wise purposes; they were made and put together, a long while since, without taking the smallest counsel of the sallow boy! Frequently they seem to say to him, all along: "This precious thing that lies in thee, O sallow boy, of 'genius,' so called, it may to thee and to eternal Nature, be precious; but to us and to temporary Tucuman, it is not precious, but pernicious, deadly: we require thee to quit this, or expect penalties!" And yet the poor boy, how can he quit it; eternal Nature herself, from the depths of the Universe, ordering him to go on with it? From the depths of the Universe, and of his own Soul, latest revelation of the Universe, he is, in a silent, imperceptible, but irrefragable manner, directed to go on with it,—and has to go, though under penalties. Penalties of very death, or worse! Alas, the poor boy, so willing to obey temporary Tucumans, and yet unable to disobey eternal Nature, is truly to be pitied. Thou shalt be Rodriguez Francia! cries Nature, and the poor boy to himself. Thou shalt be Ignatius Loyola, Friar Ponderoso, Don Fatpauncho Usandwanto! cries Tucuman. The poor creature's whole boyhood is one long lawsuit: Rodriguez Francia against All Persons in general. It is so in Tucuman, so in most places. You cannot advise effectually into what high seminary he had best be sent; the only safe way is to bargain beforehand, that he have force born with him sufficient to make itself good against all persons in general!

Be this as it may, the lean Francia prosecutes his studies at Cordova, waxes gradually taller towards new destinies. Rodriguez Francia, in some kind of Jesuit scullcap, and black college serge gown, a lank rawboned

creature, stalking with a downlook through the irregular public streets of Cordova in those years, with an infinitude of painful unspeakabilities in the interior of him, is an interesting object to the historical mind. So much is unspeakable, O Rodriguez; and it is a most strange Universe this we are born into; and the theorem of Ignatius Loyola and Don Fatpauncho Usandwonto seems to me to hobble somewhat! Much is unspeakable; lying within one, like a dark lake of doubt, of Acherontic dread, leading down to Chaos itself. Much is unspeakable, answers Francia; but somewhat also is speakable,—this for example: That I will not be a priest in Tucuman in these circumstances; that I should like decidedly to be a secular person rather, were it even a lawyer rather! Francia, arrived at man's years, changes from Divinity to Law. Some say it was in Divinity that he graduated, and got his Doctor's hat; Rengger says, Divinity; the Robertsons, likelier to be incorrect, call him Doctor of Laws. To our present readers it is all one, or nearly so. Rodriguez quitted the Tucuman *Alma Mater*, with some beard on his chin, and reappeared in Assumpcion to look out for practice at the bar.

What Rodriguez had contrived to learn, or grow to, under this his *Alma Mater* in Cordova, when he quitted her? The answer is a mere guess; his curriculum, we again say, is not yet known. Some faint smattering of Arithmetic, or the everlasting laws of Numbers; faint smattering of Geometry, everlasting laws of Shapes; these things, we guess, not altogether in the dark, Rodriguez did learn, and found extremely remarkable. Curious enough: That round Globe put into that round Drum, to touch it at the ends and all round, it is precisely as if you clapt 2 into the inside of 3, not a jot more, not a jot less: wonder at it, O Francia; for in fact it is a thing to make one pause! Old Greek Archimedeses, Pythagorases, dusky Indians, old nearly as the hills, detected such things; and they have got across into Paraguay, into this brain of thine, thou happy Francia. How is it, too, that the Almighty Maker's Planets run, in those heavenly spaces, in paths which are conceivable in thy poor human head as Sections of a Cone? The thing thou conceivest as an Ellipsis, the Almighty Maker has set his Planets to roll in that. Clear proof, which neither Loyola nor Usandwonto can contravene, that *Thou* too art denizen of this universe; that *Thou* too, in some inconceivable manner, wert present at the Council

of the Gods!—Faint smatterings of such things Francia did learn in Tucuman. Endless heavy fodderings of Jesuit theology, pour on him and round him by the wagon-load, incessantly, and year after year, he did not learn; but left lying there as shot rubbish. On the other hand, some slight inkling of human grammatical vocables, especially of French vocables, seems probable. French vocables; bodily garment of the "Encyclopédie" and Gospel according to Volney, Jean-Jaques and Company; of infinite import to Francia!

Nay, is it not in some sort beautiful to see the sacred flame of ingenuous human curiosity, love of knowledge, awakened, amid the damp somnolent vapours, real and metaphorical, the damp tropical poison-jungles, and fat Lethean stupefactions and entanglements, even in the heart of a poor Paraguay Creole? Sacred flame, no bigger yet than that of a farthing rushlight, and with nothing but secondhand French class-books in science, and in politics and morals nothing but the Raynals and Rousseaus, to feed it:—an ill-fed, lank-quavering, most blue-coloured, almost ghastly-looking flame; but a needful one, a kind of sacred one even that! Thou shalt love knowledge, search what is the truth of this God's Universe; thou art privileged and bound to love it, to search for it, in Jesuit Tucuman, in all places that the sky covers; and shalt try even Volneys for help, if there be no other help! This poor blue-coloured inextinguishable flame in the soul of Rodriguez Francia, there as it burns better or worse, in many figures, through the whole life of him, is very notable to me. Blue flame though it be, it has to burn up considerable quantities of poisonous lumber from the general face of Paraguay; and singe the profound impenetrable forest-jungle, spite of all its brambles and lianas, into a very black condition,—intimating that there shall be de-cease and removal on the part of said forest-jungle; peremptory removal; that the blessed Sunlight shall again look in upon his cousin Earth, tyrannously hidden from him, for so many centuries now! Courage, Rodriguez!

Rodriguez, indifferent to such remote considerations, successfully addicts himself to law-pleadings, and general private studies, in the city of Assumpcion. We have always understood he was one of the best advocates, perhaps the very best, and what is still more, the justest that ever took briefs in that country. This the Robertsonian "Reign of Ter-

ror" itself is willing to admit, nay repeatedly asserts, and impresses on us. He was so just and true, while a young man; gave such divine prognostics of a life of nobleness; and then, in his riper years, so belied all that! Shameful to think of: he bade fair, at one time, to be a friend-of-humanity of the first water; and then gradually, hardened by political success, and love of power, he became a mere ravenous goul, or solitary thief in the night; stealing the constitutional palladiums, from their parliament houses—and executed upwards of forty persons! Sad to consider what men and friends-of-humanity will turn to!

For the rest, it is not given to this or as yet to any editor, till a Biography arrive from Paraguay, to shape out with the smallest clearness, a representation of Francia's existence as an Assumpcion Advocate; the scene is so distant, the conditions of it so unknown. Assumpcion city, near three hundred years old now, lies in free-and-easy fashion, on the left bank of the Parana River; embosomed among fruit-forests, rich tropical umbrage; thick wood round it everywhere,—which serves for defence too against the Indians. Approach by which of the various roads you will, it is through miles of solitary shady avenue, shutting out the sun's glare; overcanopying, as with grateful green awning, the loose sand-highway,—where, in the early part of this century (date undiscoverable in those intricate volumes,) Mr. Parish Robertson, advancing on horseback, met one cart driven by a smart brown girl, in red bodice, with long black hair, not unattractive to look upon; and for a space of twelve miles, no other articulate-speaking thing whatever.*

The people of that profuse climate live in a careless abundance, troubling themselves about few things; build what wooden carts, hide-beds, mud-brick houses are indispensable; import what of ornamental lies handiest abroad; exchanging for it Paraguay tea in sewed goatskins. Riding through the town of Santa Fé, with Parish Robertson, at three in the afternoon, you will find the entire population just risen from its siesta; slipshod, half-buttoned; sitting in its front verandahs open to the street, eating pumpkins with voracity,—sunk to the ears in pumpkins; imbibing the grateful saccharine juices, in a free and easy way. They look up at the sound of your hoofs, not without good humour.

* Letters on Paraguay.

Froncent trees parasol the streets,—thanks to Nature and the Virgin. You will be welcome at their *tertulias*,—a kind of "*swarrie*," as the flunkey says, "consisting of flirtation and the usual trimmings: *swarrie* on the table about seven o'clock." Before, this, the whole population, it is like, has gone to bathe promiscuously, and cool and purify itself in the Parana: promiscuously, but you have all got linen bathing-garments and can swash about with some decency; a great relief to the human tabernacle in those climates. At your *tertulia*, it is said, the Andalusian eyes, still bright to this tenth or twelfth generation, are distractive, seductive enough, and argue a soul that would repay cultivating. The beautiful half-savages; full of wild sheet-lightning, which might be made continuously luminous! *Tertulia* well over, you sleep on hide-stretchers, perhaps here and there on a civilized mattress, within doors or on the housetops.

In the damp flat country parts, where the mosquitoes abound, you sleep on high stages, mounted on four poles, forty feet above the ground, attained by ladders; so high, blessed be the Virgin, no mosquito can follow to sting,—it is a blessing of the Virgin or some other. You sleep there, in an indiscriminate arrangement, each in his several *poncho* or blanket-cloak; with some saddle, deal-box, wooden log, or the like, under your head. For bed-tester is the canopy of everlasting blue; for night-lamp burns Canopus in his infinite spaces; mosquitoes cannot reach you, if it please the Powers. And rosy-fingered Morn, suffusing the east with sudden red and gold, and other flame-heraldry of swift-advancing Day, attenuates all dreams; and the sun's first level light-volley sheers away sleep from living creatures everywhere; and living men do then awaken on their four-post stage there, in the Pampas,—and might begin with prayer if they liked, one fancies! There is an altar decked on the horizon's edge yonder, is there not; and a cathedral wide enough?—How, over night, you have defended yourself against vampires, is unknown to this editor.

The Guacho population, it must be owned, is not yet fit for constitutional liberty. They are a rude people; lead a drowsy life, of ease and sluttish abundance,—one shade, and but one, above a dog's life, which is defined as "ease and scarcity." The arts are in their infancy; and not less the virtues. For equipment, clothing, bedding, household furniture, and general outfit of every kind, those simple

populations depend much on the skin of the cow; making of it most things wanted, lasso, bolas, ship-cordage, rimmings of cart-wheels, spatterdashes, beds, and house-doors. In country places they sit on the skull of the cow: General Artigas was seen, and spoken with, by one of the Robertsons, sitting among field-officers, all on cow-skulls, toasting stripes of beef, and "dictating to three secretaries at once."* They sit on the skull of the cow in country places; nay they heat themselves, and even burn lime, by igniting the carcass of the cow.

One art they seem to have perfected, and one only—that of riding. Astley's and Ducrow's must hide their head, all glories of Newmarket and Epsom dwindle to extinction, in comparison of Guacho horsemanship. Certainly if ever Centaurs lived upon the earth, these are of them. They stick on their horses as if both were one flesh; galloping where there seems hardly path for an ibex; leaping like kangaroos, and flourishing their nooses and bolases the while. They can whirl themselves round under the belly of the horse, in cases of war-stratagem, and stick fast, hanging on by the mere great toe and heel. You think it is a drove of wild horses galloping up: on a sudden, with wild scream, it becomes a troop of Centaurs with pikes in their hands. Nay, they have the skill, which most of all transcends Newmarket, of riding on horses that are *not* fed; and can bring fresh speed and alacrity out of a horse, which, with you, was on the point of lying down. To ride on three horses with Ducrow they would esteem a small feat; to ride on the broken-winded fractional part of one horse, that is the feat! Their huts abound in beef, in reek also, and rubbish; excelling in dirt most places that human nature has any where inhabited. Poor Guachos! They drink Paraguay tea, sucking it up in succession, through the same tin pipe, from one common skillet. They are hospitable, sooty, leathery, lying, laughing fellows; of excellent talent in their sphere. They have stoicism, though ignorant of Zeno; nay stoicism coupled with real gaiety of heart. Amidst their reek and wreck, they laugh loud, in rough jolly banter; they twang, in a plaintive manner, rough love-melodies on a kind of guitar; smoke infinite tobacco; and delight in gambling and ardent spirits, ordinary refuge of voracious empty souls. For the same reason, and a better, they delight also in Corpus-Christi

ceremonies, mass-chantings, and devotional performances. These men are fit to be drilled into something! Their lives stand there like empty capacious bottles, calling to the heavens and the earth, and all Dr. Francias who may pass that way: "Is there nothing to put into us, then? Nothing but nomadic idleness, Jesuit superstition, rubbish, reek, and dry stripes of tough beef?" Ye unhappy Guachos,—yes, there is something other, there are several things other, to put into you! But withal, you will observe, the seven devils have first to be put out of you: Idleness, lawless Brutalness, Darkness, Falseness—seven devils or more. And the way to put something into you is, alas, not so plain at present? Is it,—alas, on the whole, is it not perhaps to lay good horsewhips lustily upon you, and cast out these seven devils as a preliminary?

How Francia passed his days in such a region, where philosophy, as is too clear, was at the lowest ebb? Francia, like Quintus Fixlein, had "perennial fire-proof joys, namely employments." He had much law-business, a great and ever-increasing reputation as a man at once skilful and faithful in the management of causes for men. Then, in his leisure hours, he had his Volneys, Raynals; he had secondhand scientific treatises in French; he loved to "interrogate Nature," as they say; to possess theodolites, telescopes, star-glasses,—any kind of glass or book, or gazing implement whatever, through which he might try to catch a glimpse of Fact in this strange Universe: poor Francia! Nay, it is said, his hard heart was not without inflammability; was sensible to those Andalusian eyes still bright in the tenth or twelfth generation. In such case too, it may have burnt, one would think, like anthracite, in a somewhat ardent manner. Rumours to this effect are afloat; not at once incredible. Pity there had not been some Andalusian pair of eyes, with speculation, depth and soul enough in the rear of them to fetter Dr. Francia permanently, and make a house-father of him. It had been better; but it befel not. As for that light-headed, smart, brown girl, whom, twenty years afterwards, you saw selling flowers on the streets of Assumpcion, and leading a light life, is there any certainty that she was Dr. Francia's daughter? Any certainty that, even if so, he could and should have done something considerable for her?* Poor Francia, poor light-headed,

* Letters on Paraguay.

* Robertson.

smart, brown girl,—this present reviewer cannot say!

Francia is a somewhat lonesome, down-looking man, apt to be solitary even in the press of men; wears a face not unvisited by laughter, yet tending habitually towards the sorrowful, the stern. He passes everywhere for a man of veracity, punctuality, of iron methodic rigour; of iron rectitude, above all. "The skilful lawyer," "the learned lawyer," these are reputations; but the "honest lawyer!" This law-case was reported by the Robertsons before they thought of writing a "Francia's Reign of Terror," with that running shriek, which so confuses us. We love to believe the anecdote, even in its present loose state, as significant of many things in Francia:—

"It has been already observed that Francia's reputation, as a lawyer, was not only unsullied by venality, but conspicuous for rectitude.

"He had a friend in Assumpcion of the name of Domingo Rodriguez. This man had cast a covetous eye upon a Naboth's vineyard, and this Naboth, of whom Francia was the open enemy, was called Estanislao Machain. Never doubting that the young doctor, like other lawyers, would undertake his unrighteous cause, Rodriguez opened to him his case, and requested, with a handsome retainer, his advocacy of it. Francia saw at once that his friend's pretensions were founded in fraud and injustice; and he not only refused to act as his counsel, but plainly told him that much as he hated his antagonist Machain, yet if he (Rodriguez) persisted in his iniquitous suit, that antagonist should have his (Francia's) most zealous support. But covetousness, as Ahab's story shows us, is not so easily driven from its pretensions; and in spite of Francia's warning, Rodriguez persisted. As he was a potent man in point of fortune, all was going against Machain and his devoted vineyard.

"At this stage of the question, Francia wrapped himself one night in his cloak, and walked to the house of his inveterate enemy, Machain. The slave who opened the door, knowing that his master and the doctor, like the house of Montagu and Capulet, were smoke in each other's eyes, refused the lawyer admittance, and ran to inform his master of this strange and unexpected visit. Machain, no less struck by the circumstance than his slave, for some time hesitated; but at length determined to admit Francia. In walked the silent doctor to Machain's cham-

ber. All the papers connected with the law-plea—voluminous enough I have been assured—were outspread upon the defendant's escritorio.

"'Machain,' said the lawyer, addressing him, 'you know I am your enemy. But I know that my friend Rodriguez meditates, and will certainly, unless I interfere, carry against you an act of gross and lawless aggression; I have come to offer my services in your defence.'

"The astonished Machain could scarcely credit his senses; but poured forth the ebullition of his gratitude in terms of thankful acquiescence.

"The first 'escrito,' or writing, sent in by Francia to the Juez de Alzada, or Judge of the Court of Appeal, confounded the adverse advocates, and staggered the judge, who was in their interest. 'My friend,' said the judge to the leading counsel, 'I cannot go forward in this matter, unless you bribe Dr. Francia to be silent.' 'I will try,' replied the advocate, and he went to Naboth's counsel with a hundred doubloons (about three hundred and fifty guineas), which he offered him as a bribe to let the cause take its iniquitous course. Considering, too, that his best introduction would be a hint that this douceur was offered with the judge's concurrence, the knavish lawyer hinted to the upright one that such was the fact.

"'Salga Usted,' said Francia, '*con sus viles pensamientos, y vilisimo oro de mi casa.*' 'Out with your vile insinuations, and dross of gold from my house.'

"Off marched the venal drudge of the unjust judge; and in a moment putting on his capoté, the offended advocate went to the residence of the Juez de Alzada. Shortly relating what had passed between himself and the myrmidon,—'Sir,' continued Francia, 'you are a disgrace to law, and a blot upon justice. You are, moreover, completely in my power; and unless to-morrow I have a decision in favour of my client, I will make your seat upon the bench too hot for you, and the insignia of your judicial office shall become the emblems of your shame.'

"The morrow *did* bring a decision in favour of Francia's client. Naboth retained his vineyard; the judge lost his reputation; and the young doctor's fame extended far and wide."

On the other hand, it is admitted that he quarrelled with his father, in those days; and, as is reported, never spoke to him more. The subject of the quarrel is vaguely sup-

posed to have been "money matters." Francia is not accused of avarice; nay, is expressly acquitted of loving money, even by Rengger. But he did hate injustice;—and probably was not indisposed to allow *himself*, among others, 'the height of fair play!' A rigorous, correct man, that will have a spade be a spade; a man of much learning in Creole law, and occult French sciences, of great talent, energy, fidelity:—a man of some temper withal; unhappily subject to private "hypochondria;" black private thunder-clouds, whence probably the origin of these *lightnings*, when you poke into him! He leads a lonesome self-secluded life; "interrogating Nature" through mere star-glasses, and Abbé-Raynal philosophies—who in that way will yield no very exuberant response. Mere law-papers, advocate fees, civic officialities, renowns, and the wonder of Assumpcion Guachos;—not so much as a pair of Andalusian eyes that can *lasso* him, except in a temporary way: this man seems to have got but a lean lease of Nature, and may end in a rather shrunk condition! A century ago, with this atrabiliar earnestness of his, and such a reverberatory furnace of passions, inquiries, unspeakabilities burning in him, deep under cover, he might have made an excellent monk of St. Dominic, fit almost for canonization; nay, an excellent Superior of the Jesuits, Grand Inquisitor, or the like, had you developed him in that way. But, for all this, he is now a day too late. Monks of St. Dominic that might have been, do now, instead of devotional raptures and miraculous suspensions in prayer, produce—brown accidental female infants, to sell flowers, in an indigent state, on the streets of Assumpcion! It is grown really a most barren time; and this Francia with his grim unspeakabilities, with his fiery splenetic humours, kept close under lock and key, what has he to look for in it? A post on the Bench, in the municipal *Cabildo*,—nay, he has already a post in the *Cabildo*; he has already been Alcalde, Lord-Mayor of Assumpcion, and ridden in such gilt coach as they had. He can look for little, one would say but barren monies, barren Guacho world celebrities; Abbé-Raynal philosophisms also very barren; wholly a barren life-voyage of it, ending—in *zero* thinks the Abbé Raynal?

But no; the world wags not that way in those days. Far over the waters there have been Federations of the Champ de Mars: guillotines, portable-guillotines, and a French people risen against tyrants; there has been

a *Sansculottism*, speaking at last in cannon-volleys and the crash of towns and nations over half the world. Sleek Fatpauncho Usandwonto, sleek aristocratic Donothingism, sunk as in death-sleep in its well-stuffed easy chair, or staggering in somnambulism on the house-tops, seemed to itself to hear a voice say, Sleep no more, Donothingism; Donothingism doth murder sleep! It was indeed a terrible explosion, that of Sansculottism; commingling very Tartarus with the old-established stars;—fit, such a tumult was it, to awaken all but the dead. And out of it there had come Napoleonisms, Tamerlanisms; and then as a branch of these, Conventions of Aranjuez, soon followed by Spanish Juntas, Spanish Cortes; and, on the whole, a smiting broad awake of poor old Spain itself, much to its amazement. And naturally of new Spain next,—to *its* double amazement, seeing itself awake! And so, in the new hemisphere too, arise wild projects, angry arguings; arise armed gatherings in Santa Marguerita Island, with Bolivars and Invasions of Cumana; revolts of La Plata, revolts of this and then of that; the subterranean electric element, shock on shock, shaking and exploding, in the new hemisphere too, from sea to sea. Very astonishing to witness, from the year 1810 and onwards. Had Dr. Rodriguez Francia three ears he would hear; as many eyes as Argus, he would gaze! He is all eye, he is all ear. A new, entirely different figure of existence is cut out for Dr. Rodriguez.

The Paraguay people as a body, lying far inland, with little speculation in their heads, were in no haste to adopt the new republican gospel; but looked first how it would succeed in shaping itself into facts. Buenos-Ayres, Tucuman, most of the La Plata provinces had made their revolutions, brought in the reign of liberty, and unluckily driven out the reign of law and regularity; before the Paraguenos could resolve on such an enterprise. Perhaps they are afraid? General Belgrano, with a force of a thousand men, missioned by Buenos-Ayres, came up the river to countenance them, in the end of 1810; but was met on their frontier in array of war; was attacked, or at least was terrified, in the night watches, so that his men all fled;—and on the morrow, poor General Belgrano found himself not a countenancer, but one needing countenance; and was in a polite way sent down the river again!* Not

* Rengger.

till a year afterwards did the Paraguenos, by spontaneous movement, resolve on a career of freedom;—resolve on getting some kind of congress assembled, and the old government sent its ways. Francia, it is presumable, was active at once in exciting and restraining them: the fruit was now drop-ripe, we may say, and fell by a shake. Our old royal Governor went aside, worthy man, with some slight grimace, when ordered to do so; National Congress introduced itself; secretaries read papers compiled chiefly out of Rollin's Ancient History; and we became a Republic: with Don Fulgenao Yegros, one of the richest Guachos and best horseman of the province, for *President*, and two Assessors with him, called also *Vocales*, or Vowels, whose names escape us; Francia, as *Secretary*, being naturally the Consonant, or motive soul of the combination. This, as we grope out the date, was in 1811. The Paraguay Congress, having completed this constitution, went home again to its field-labours, hoping a good issue.

Feebler light hardly ever dawned for the historical mind, than this which is shed for us by Rengger, Robertsons, and Company, on the birth, the cradling, baptismal processes and early fortunes of the new Paraguay Republic. Through long vague, and indeed intrinsically vacant pages of their books, it lies gray, undecipherable, without form and void. Francia was secretary, and a Republic did take place: this, as one small clear-burning fact, shedding far a comfortable visibility, conceivability over the universal darkness, and making it into conceivable dusk with one rushlight fact in the centre of it,—this we do know; and, cheerfully yielding to necessity, decide that this shall suffice us to know. What more is there? Absurd somnolent persons, struck broad awake by the subterranean concussion of civil and religious liberty all over the world, meeting together to establish a republican career of freedom, and compile official papers out of Rollin,—are not a subject on which the historical mind *can* be enlightened. The historical mind, thank Heaven, forgets such persons and their papers, as fast as you repeat them. Besides, these Guacho populations are greedy, superstitious, vain; and, as Miers said in his haste, mendacious every soul of them! Within the confines of Paraguay, we know for certain but of one man who would do himself an injury to do a just or true thing under the sun: one man who understands in his heart that this Universe is an eternal Fact,—

and not some huge temporary Pumpkin, saccharine, absinthian; the rest of its significance chimerical merely! Such men cannot have a history, though a Thucydides came to write it.—Enough for us to understand that Don This was a vapouring blockhead, who followed his pleasures, his peculations, and Don That another of the same; that there occurred fatuities, mismanagements innumerable; then discontents, open grumblings, and, as a running accompaniment, intrigues, caballings, outings, innings: till the Government House, fouler than when the Jesuits had it, became a bottomless pestilent inanity, insupportable to any articulate-speaking soul; till Secretary Francia should feel that he, for one, could not be Consonant to such a set of Vowels; till Secretary Francia, one day, flinging down his papers, rising to his feet, should jerk out with oratorical vivacity his lean right hand, and say, with knit brows, in a low swift tone, “Adieu, Senhores; God preserve you many years!”—

Francia withdrew to his *chacra*, a pleasant country-house in the woods of Ytapúa not far off; there to interrogate Nature, and live in a private manner. Parish Robertson, much about this date, which we grope and guess to have been perhaps in 1812, was boarded with a certain ancient Donna Juana, in that same region; had *tertulias* of unimaginable brilliancy; and often went shooting of an evening. On one of those—but he shall himself report:

“On one of those lovely evenings in Paraguay, after the south-west wind has both cleared and cooled the air, I was drawn, in my pursuit of game, into a peaceful valley, not far from Doña Juana's, and remarkable for its combination of all the striking features of the scenery of the country. Suddenly I came upon a neat and unpretending cottage. Up rose a partridge; I fired, and the bird came to the ground. A voice from behind called out, ‘*Buen tiro*’—‘a good shot.’ I turned round, and beheld a gentleman of about fifty years of age, dressed in a suit of black, with a large scarlet *capote*, or cloak, thrown over his shoulders. He had a *maté*-cup in one hand, a cigar in the other; and a little urchin of a negro, with his arms crossed, was in attendance by the gentleman's side. The stranger's countenance was dark, and his black eyes were very penetrating, while his jet hair, combed back from a bold forehead, and hanging in natural ringlets over his shoulders, gave him a dignified and striking air. He wore on his shoes large golden

buckles, and at the knees of his breeches the same.

"In exercise of the primitive and simple hospitality common in the country, I was invited to sit down under the corridor, and to take a cigar and *maté* (cup of Paraguay tea.) A celestial globe, a large telescope, and a theodolite were under the little portico; and I immediately inferred that the personage before me was no other than Doctor Francia."

Yes, here for the first time in authentic history, a remarkable hearsay becomes a remarkable visuality: through a pair of clear human eyes, you look face to face on the very figure of the man. Is not this verily the exact record of those clear Robertsonian eyes, and seven senses; entered accurately, then and not afterwards, on the ledger of the memory? We will hope so; who can but hope so! The figure of the man will, at all events, be exact. Here too is the figure of his library;—the conversation, if any, was of the last degree of insignificance, and may be left out, or supplied *ad libitum*:

"He introduced me to his library, in a confined room, with a very small window, and that so shaded by the roof of the corridor, as to admit the least portion of light necessary for study. The library was arranged on three rows of shelves, extending across the room, and might have consisted of three hundred volumes. There were many ponderous books on law; a few on the inductive sciences; some in French and some in Latin upon subjects of general literature, with Euclid's Elements, and some school-boy treatises on algebra. On a large table were heaps of law-papers and processes. Several folios bound in vellum were outspread upon it; a lighted candle (though placed there solely with a view to light cigars) lent its feeble aid to illumine the room; while a *maté*-cup and inkstand, both of silver, stood on another part of the table. There was neither carpet nor mat on the brick floor; and the chairs were of such ancient fashion, size, and weight, that it required a considerable effort to move them from one spot to another."

Peculation, malversation, the various forms of imbecility and voracious dishonesty went their due course in the government offices of Assumpcion, unrestrained by Francia, and unrestrainable:—till, as we may say, it reached a height; and, like other suppurations and diseased concretions in the living system, had to burst, and take itself away. To the eyes of Paraguay in general, it had

become clear that such a reign of liberty was unendurable; that some new revolution, or change of ministry was indispensable.

Rengger says that Francia withdrew "more than once" to his *chacra*, disgusted with his colleagues; who always, by unlimited promises and protestations, had to flatter him back again; and then anew disgusted him. Francia is the Consonant of these absurd "Vowels;" no business can go on without Francia! And the finances are deranged, insolvent; and the military, unpaid, ineffective, cannot so much as keep out the Indians; and there comes trouble and rumour of new war from Buenos Ayres;—alas, from what corner of the great continent, come there other than troubles and rumours of war? Patriot generals become traitor generals; get themselves "shot in market-places;" revolution follows revolution. Artigas, close on our borders, has begun harrying the Banda Oriental with fire and sword; "dictating despatches from cow-skulls." Like clouds of wolves,—only feller, being mounted on horseback, with pikes,—the Indians dart in on us; carrying conflagration and dismay. Paraguay must get itself governed, or it will be worse for Paraguay! The eyes of all Paraguay, we can well fancy, turn to the one man of talent they have, the one man of veracity they have.

In 1813 a second Congress is got together: we fancy it was Francia's last advice to the Government suppuration, when it flattered him back, for the last time, to ask his advice, That such suppuration do now dissolve itself, and a new Congress be summoned! In the new Congress, the *Vocales* are voted out; Francia and Fulgencio are named joint *Consuls*: with Francia for Consul, and Don Fulgencio Yegros for *Consul's*-cloak, it may be better. Don Fulgencio rides about in gorgeous sash and epaulettes, a rich man and horse-subduer; good as Consul's cloak;—but why should the real Consul have a *Cloak*? Next year in the third Congress, Francia, "by insidious manœuvring," by "favour of the military," and, indeed, also in some sort, we may say, by law of Nature,—gets himself declared *Dictator*: "for three years," or for life, may in these circumstances mean much the same. This was in 1814. Francia never assembled any Congress more; having stolen the constitutional palladiums, and insidiously got his wicked will! Of a Congress that compiled constitutions out of Rollin, who would not lament such destiny? This Congress should

have met again! It was indeed, say Rengger and the Robertsons themselves, such a Congress as never met before in the world; a Congress which knew not its right hand from its left; which drank infinite rum in the taverns; and had one wish, that of getting on horseback, home to its field-husbandry and partridge-shooting. The military mostly favoured Francia; being gained over by him,—the thief of constitutional palladiums.

With Francia's entrance on the government as Consul, still more as Dictator, a great improvement, it is granted even by Rengger, did in all quarters forthwith show itself. The finances were husbanded, were accurately gathered; every official person in Paraguay had to bethink him, and begin doing his work, instead of merely seeming to do it. The soldiers Francia took care to see paid and drilled; to see march, with real death-shot and service, when the Indians or other enemies showed themselves. *Guardias*, guardhouses, at short distances were established along the river's bank and all round the dangerous frontiers: wherever the Indian centaur-troop showed face, an alarm-cannon went off, and soldiers, quickly assembling, with actual death-shot and service, were upon them. These wolf-hordes had to vanish into the heart of their deserts again. The land had peace. Neither Artigas, nor any of the firebrands and war-plagues which were distracting South America from side to side, could get across the border. All negotiation or intercommuning with Buenos Ayres, or with any of these war-distracted countries, was peremptorily waived. To no Congress of Lima, General Congress of Panama, or other general or particular congress would Francia, by deputy or message, offer the smallest recognition. All South America raging and ravening like one huge dog-kennel gone rabid, we here in Paraguay have peace, and cultivate our tea-trees: why should not we let well alone? By degrees, one thing acting on another, and this ring of frontier "guardhouses" being already erected there, a rigorous *sanitary line*, impregnable as brass, was drawn round all Paraguay; no communication, import or export trade allowed, except by the Dictator's licence,—given on payment of the due monies, when the political horizon seemed innocuous; refused when otherwise. The Dictator's trade-licences were a considerable branch of his revenues; his entrance dues, somewhat onerous to the foreign merchant (think the Messrs.

Robertson,) were another. Paraguay stood isolated; the rabid dog-kennel raging round it, wide as South America, but kept out as by lock and key.

These were vigorous measures, gradually coming on the somnolent Guacho population! It seems, meanwhile, that, even after the perpetual dictatorship, and onwards to the fifth or the sixth year of Francia's government, there was, though the constitutional palladiums were stolen, nothing very special to complain of. Paraguay had peace; sat under its tea-tree, the rabid dog-kennel, Indians, Artigueros and other war-firebrands, all shut out from it. But in that year 1819, the second year of the perpetual dictatorship, there arose, not for the first time, dim indications of "plots," even dangerous plots! In that year the firebrand Artigas was finally quenched; obliged to beg a lodging even of Francia, his enemy;—and got it, hospitably, though contemptuously. And now straightway there advanced, from Artigas's lost wasted country, a certain General Ramirez, his rival and victor, and fellow-bandit and firebrand. This General Ramirez advanced up to our very frontier; first with offers of alliance; failing that, with offers of war; on which latter offer he was closed with, was cut to pieces; and—a letter was found about him, addressed to Don Fulgencio Yegros, the rich Guacho horseman and Ex-Consul; which arrested all the faculties of Dr. Francia's most intense intelligence, there and then! A conspiracy, with Don Fulgencio at the head of it; conspiracy which seems the wider-spread the farther one investigates it; which has been brewing itself these "two years," and now "on Good-Friday next" is to be burst out; starting with the massacre of Dr. Francia and others, whatever it may close with!* Francia was not a man to be trifled with in plots! He looked, watched, investigated, till he got the exact extent, position, nature, and structure of this plot fully in his eye; and then—why, then he pounced on it like a glede-falcon, like a fierce condor, suddenly from the invisible blue; struck beak and claws into the very heart of it, tore it into small fragments, and consumed it on the spot. It is Francia's way! This was the last plot, though not the first plot, Francia ever heard of during his perpetual dictatorship.

It is, as we find, over these three or these two years, while the Fulgencio plot is get-

* Rengger.

ting itself pounced upon, and torn in pieces, that the "reign of terror," properly so called, extends. Over these three or these two years only,—though the "running shriek" of it confuses all things to the end of the chapter. It was in this stern period that Francia executed above forty persons. Not entirely inexplicable! "*Par Dios*, ye shall not conspire against me; I will not allow it. The career of freedom, be it known to all men and Guachos, is not yet begun in this country; I am still only casting out the Seven Devils. My lease of Paraguay, a harder one than your stupidities suppose, is for life; the contract is, Thou must die if thy lease be taken from thee. Aim not at my life, ye constitutional Guachos,—or let it be a diviner man than Don Fulgencio the horse-subduer that does it. By heaven, if you aim at my life, I will bid you have a care of your own!" He executed upwards of forty persons. How many he arrested, flogged, cross-questioned—for he is an inexorable man! If you are guilty, or suspected of guilt, it will go ill with you here. Francia's arrest, carried by a grenadier, arrives; you are in strait prison; you are in Francia's bodily presence; those sharp St. Dominic eyes, that diabolic intellect, prying into you, probing, cross-questioning you, till the secret cannot be hid; till the "three ball cartridges" are handed to a sentry;—and your doom is Rhadamanthine!

But the plots, as we say, having ceased by this rough surgery, it would appear that there was, for the next twenty years, little or no more of it, little or no use for more. The "reign of terror," one begins to find, was properly a reign of rigour; which would become "terrible" enough if you infringed the rules of it, but which was peaceable otherwise, regular otherwise. Let this, amid the "running shriek," which will and should run its full length in such circumstances, be well kept in mind.

It happened, too, as Rengger tells us, in the same year, (1820, as we grope and gather,) that a visitation of locusts, as sometimes occurs, destroyed all the crops of Paraguay; and there was no prospect but of universal dearth or famine. The crops are done—eaten by locusts; the summer at an end! We have no foreign trade, or next to none, and never had almost any; what will become of Paraguay and its Guachos? In Guachos is no hope, no help: but in a Dionysius of the Guachos? Dictator Francia, led by occult French sciences and natural sagacity, nay driven by necessity itself, per-

emptorily commands the farmers throughout all Paraguay to sow a certain portion of their lands anew, with or without hope, under penalties! The result was a moderately good harvest still: the result was a discovery that two harvests were, every year, possible in Paraguay; that agriculture, a rigorous Dictator presiding over it, could be infinitely improved there.* As Paraguay has about 100,000 square miles of territory mostly fertile, and only some two souls planted on each square mile thereof, it seemed to the Dictator that this, and not foreign trade, might be a good course for his Paraguenos. This accordingly, and not foreign trade, in the present state of the political horizon, was the course resolved on, the course persisted in, "with evident advantages," says Rengger. Thus, one thing acting on another—domestic plot, hanging on Artigas's country from without, and locust swarms with improvement of husbandry in the interior; and those guardhouses all already there, along the frontier—Paraguay came more and more to be hermetically closed; and Francia reigned over it, for the rest of his life, as a rigorous Dionysius of Paraguay, without foreign intercourse, or with such only as seemed good to Francia.

How the Dictator, now secure in possession, did manage his huge Paraguay, which, by strange, "insidious," and other means, had fallen in life-lease to him, and was his to do the best he could with, it were interesting to know. What the meaning of him, the result of him, actually was? One desiderates some Biography of Francia by a native!—Meanwhile, in the "*Ästhetische Briefwechsel*" of Herr Professor Sauerteig, a work not yet known in England, nor treating specially of this subject, we find, scattered at distant intervals, a remark or two which may be worth translating. Professor Sauerteig, an open soul, looking with clear eye and large recognising heart over all accessible quarters of the world, has cast a sharp sun glance here and there into Dr. Francia too. These few philosophical remarks of his, and then a few anecdotes gleaned elsewhere, such as the barren ground yields, must comprise what more we have to say of Francia.

"Pity," exclaims Sauerteig once, "that a nation cannot reform itself, as the English are now trying to do, by what their newspapers call 'tremendous cheers!' Alas, it

* Rengger, 67, &c.

cannot be done. Reform is not joyous, but grievous; no single man can reform himself without stern suffering and stern working; how much less can a nation of men. The serpent sheds not his old skin without rusty disconsolateness; he is not happy, but miserable. In the *Water-cure* itself, do you not sit steeped for months, washed to the heart in elemental drenchings, and, like Job, are made to curse your day? Reforming of a nation is a terrible business. Thus, too, Medea, when she made men young again, was wont (*du Himmel!*) to hew them in pieces with meat-axes, cast them into caldrons, and boil them for a length of time. How much handier could they but have done it by 'tremendous cheers' alone!"

"Like a drop of surgical antiseptic liquid, poured (by the benign Powers, as I fancy!) into boundless brutal corruptions; very sharp, very caustic, corrosive enough, this tawny tyrannous Dr. Francia, in the interior of the South American continent—he, too, is one of the elements of the grand Phenomenon there. A monstrous moulting process taking place;—monstrous gluttonous *boa-constrictor* (he is of length from Panama to Patagonia) shedding his old skin; whole continent getting itself chopped to pieces, and boiled in the Medea caldron, to become young again, unable to manage it by 'tremendous cheers' alone!"

"What they say about 'love of power' amounts to little. Power? Love of 'power,' merely to make flunkies come and go for you, is a 'love,' I should think, which enters only into the minds of persons in a very infantine state. A grown man, like this Dr. Francia, who wants nothing, as I am assured, but three cigars daily, a cup of *maté*, and four ounces of butchers' meat with brown bread: the whole world and its united flunkies, taking constant thought of the matter, can do nothing for him but that only. That he already has, and has had always; why should he, not being a minor, love flunkiey 'power?' He loves to see *you* about him, with your flunkiey promptitudes, with your grimaces, adulations, and sham-loyalty; you are so beautiful, a daily and hourly feast to the eye and soul. Ye unfortunates, from his heart rises one prayer, That the last created flunkiey had vanished from this universe, never to appear more!

"And yet truly a man does tend, and must under frightful penalties perpetually tend, to be king of his world; to stand in his world as what he is, a centre of light and order, not

of darkness and confusion. A man loves power: yes, if he see disorder his eternal enemy rampant about him, he does love to see said enemy in the way of being conquered; he can have no rest till that come to pass. Your Mahomet cannot bear a rent cloak, but clouts it with his own hands; how much more a rent country, a rent world. He has to imprint the image of his own veracity upon the world, and shall, and must, and will do it, more or less: it is at his peril if he neglect any great or any small possibility he may have of this. Francia's inner flame is but a meagre, blue-burning one: let him irradiate midnight Paraguay with it, such as it is."

"Nay, on the whole, how cunning is Nature in getting *her* farms leased! Is it not a blessing this Paraguay can get the one veracious man it has, to take lease of it, in these sad circumstances? His farm-profits, and whole wages, it would seem, amount only to what is called 'Nothing and find yourself!' Spartan food and lodging, solitude, two cigars, and a cup of *maté* daily, he already had."

Truly, it would seem, as Sauerteig remarks, Dictator Francia had not a very joyous existence of it, in this his life-lease of Paraguay. Casting out of Seven Devils from a Guacho population is not joyous at all; both exorcist and exorcised find it sorrowful. Meanwhile, it does appear, there was some improvement made: no veritable labour, not even a Dr. Francia's, is in vain.

Of Francia's improvements there might as much be said as of his cruelties or rigours; for indeed, at bottom, the one was in proportion to the other. He improved agriculture: not two ears of corn where one only grew, but two harvests of corn, as we have seen. He introduced schools, "boarding-schools," "elementary schools," and others, on which Rengger has a chapter; everywhere he promoted education, as he could—repressed superstition as he could. Strict justice between man and man was enforced in his law-courts: he himself would accept no gift, not even a trifle, in any case whatever. Rengger, on packing up for departure, had left in his hands, not from forgetfulness, a print of Napoleon; worth some shillings in Europe, but invaluable in Paraguay, where Francia, who admired this hero much, had hitherto seen no likeness of him but a Nürnberg caricature. Francia sent an express after Rengger, to ask what the value of the print was. No value; M. Rengger could not sell prints;

it was much at his Excellency's service. His Excellency straightway returned it. An exact, decisive man! Peculation, idleness, ineffectuality, had to cease in all the public offices of Paraguay. So far as lay in Francia, no public and no private man in Paraguay was allowed to slur his work; all public and all private men, so far as lay in Francia, were forced to do their work or die. We might define him as the born enemy of quacks; one who has from Nature a heart-hatred of *unveracity* in man or in thing, wheresoever he sees it. Of persons who do not speak the truth, and do not act the truth, he has a kind of diabolic-divine impatience; they had better disappear out of his neighbourhood. Poor Francia: his light was but a very sulphurous, meagre, blue-burning one; but he irradiated Paraguay with it (as our Professor says) the best he could.

That he had to maintain himself *alive* all the while, and would suffer no man to glance contradiction at him, but instantaneously repressed all such: this, too, we need no ghost to tell us; this lay in the very nature of the case. His lease of Paraguay was a *life-lease*. He had his "three-ball cartridges" ready for whatever man he found aiming at *his* life. He had frightful prisons. He had *Tevego* far up among the wastes, a kind of Paraguay Siberia, to which unruly persons, not yet got the length of shooting, were relegated. The main exiles, Rengger says, were drunken mulattoes and the class called unfortunate-females. They lived miserably there; became a sadder, and perhaps a wiser, body of mulattoes and unfortunate-females.

But let us listen for a moment to the Reverend Manuel Perez, as he preaches, "in the Church of the Incarnation, at Assumption, on the 20th of October, 1840," in a tone somewhat nasal, yet trust-worthy withal. His Funeral Discourse, translated into a kind of English, presents itself still audible in the "Argentine News" of Buenos Ayres, No. 813. We select some passages, studying to abate the Nasal tone a little; to reduce, if possible, the Argentine English under the law of grammar. It is the worst translation in the world, and does poor Manuel Perez one knows not what injustice. This Funeral Discourse has "much surprised" the able editor, it seems; has led him perhaps to ask, or be readier for asking, Whether all that confused loud litanying about "reign of terror," and so forth, was not possibly of a rather long-eared nature.

"Amid the convulsions of revolution,"

says the Reverend Manuel, "the Lord, looking down with pity on Paraguay, raised up Don Jose Gaspar Francia for its deliverance. *"And when, in the words of my text, the children of Israel cried unto the Lord, the Lord raised up a deliverer to the children of Israel, who delivered them."*

"What measures did not his Excellency devise, what labours undergo, to preserve peace in the Republic at home, and place it in an attitude to command respect from abroad! His first care was directed to obtain supplies of arms, and to discipline soldiers. To all that would import arms he held out the inducement of exemption from duty, and the permission to export in return whatever produce they preferred. An abundant supply of excellent arms was, by these means, obtained. I am lost in wonder to think how this great man could attend to such a multiplicity of things! He applied himself to study of the military art; and, in a short time, taught the exercise, and directed military evolutions like the skilfullest veteran. Often have I seen his Excellency go up to a recruit, and show him by example how to take aim at the target. Could any Paragueno think it other than honourable to carry a musket, when his Dictator taught him how to manage it? The cavalry-exercise too, though it seems to require a man at once robust and experienced in horsemanship, his Excellency as you know did himself superintend; at the head of his squadrons he charged and manœuvred, as if bred to it; and directed them with an energy and vigour which infused his own martial spirit into these troops."

"What evils do not the people suffer from highwaymen! exclaims his Reverence, a little farther on; "violence, plunder, murder, are crimes familiar to these malefactors. The inaccessible mountains and wide deserts in this Republic seemed to offer impunity to such men. Our Dictator succeeded in striking such a terror into them that they entirely disappeared, seeking safety in a change of life. His Excellency saw that the manner of inflicting the punishment was more efficacious than even the punishment itself; and on this principle he acted. Whenever a robber could be seized, he was led to the nearest guardhouse (*Guardia*); a summary trial took place; and, straightway, so soon as he had made confession, he was shot. These means proved effectual. Ere long the Republic was in such security, that, we may say, a child might have travelled from the Uruguay to the Parana without other protec-

tion than the dread which the Supreme Dictator had inspired."—This is saying something, your Reverence!

"But what is all this compared to the demon of anarchy. Oh!" exclaims his simple Reverence, "Oh, my friends, would I had the talent to paint to you the miseries of a people that fall into anarchy! And was not our Republic on the very eve of this? Yes, brethren."—"It behoved his Excellency to be prompt; to smother the enemy in his cradle! He did so. He seized the leaders; brought to summary trial, they were convicted of high treason against the country. What a struggle now, for his Excellency, between the law of duty, and the voice of feeling"—if feeling to any extent there were! "I," exclaims his Reverence, "am confident that had the doom of imprisonment on those persons seemed sufficient for the state's peace, his Excellency never would have ordered their execution." It was unavoidable; nor was it avoided; it was done! "Brethren, should not I hesitate, lest it be a profanation of the sacred place I now occupy, if I seem to approve sanguinary measures in opposition to the mildness of the Gospel? Brethren no. God himself approved the conduct of Solomon in putting Joab and Adonijah to death." Life is sacred, thinks his Reverence, but there is something more sacred still: woe to him who does not know that withal!

Alas, your Reverence, Paraguay has not yet succeeded in abolishing capital punishment, then? But indeed neither has Nature, anywhere that I hear of, yet succeeded in abolishing it. Act with the due degree of perversity, you are sure enough of being violently put to death, in hospital or highway, by dyspepsia, delirium tremens, or stuck through by the kindled rage of your fellow-men! What can the friend of humanity do?—Twaddle in Exeter-hall or elsewhere, "till he become a bore to us," and perhaps worse! An advocate in Arras once gave up a good judicial appointment, and retired into frugality and privacy, rather than doom one culprit to die by law. The name of this advocate, let us mark it well, was Maximilien Robespierre. There are sweet kinds of twaddle that have a deadly virulence of poison concealed in them; like the sweetness of sugar of lead. Were it not better to make *just* laws, think you, and then execute them strictly,—as the gods still do?

"His excellency next directed his attention to purging the state from another class of enemies," says Perez in the Incarnation

Church; "the peculating tax-gatherers, namely. Vigilantly detecting their frands, he made them refund for what was past, and took precautions against the like in future; all their accounts were to be handed in, for his examination, once every year."

"The habit of his Excellency when he delivered out articles for the supply of the public; that prolix and minute counting of things apparently unworthy of his attention,—had its origin in the same motive. I believe that he did so, less from a want of confidence in the individuals lately appointed for this purpose, than from a desire to show them with what delicacy they should proceed. Hence likewise his ways, in scrupulously examining every piece of artisan's workmanship."

"Republic of Paraguay, how art thou indebted to the toils, the vigils and cares of our Perpetual Dictator! It seemed as if this extraordinary man was endowed with ubiquity, to attend to all thy wants and exigences. Whilst in his closet, he was traversing thy frontiers to place thee in an attitude of security. What devastation did not those inroads of Indians from the Chacao occasion to the inhabitants of the Rio-Abajo? Ever and anon there reached Assumpcion, tidings of the terror and affliction caused by their incursions. Which of us hoped that evils so widespread, ravages so appalling, could be counteracted? Our Dictator, nevertheless, did devise effectual ways of securing that part of the Republic."

"Four respectable fortresses with competent garrisons have been the impregnable barrier which has restrained the irruptions of those ferocious Savages. Inhabitants of Rio-Abajo! rest tranquil in your homes; you are a portion of the people whom the Lord confided to the care of the Dictator; you are safe."

"The precautions and wise measures he adopted to repel force, and drive back the Savages to the north of the Republic: the fortresses of Climpo, of San Carlos de Apa, placed on the best footing for defence; the orders and instructions furnished to the Villa de la Concepcion,—secured that quarter of the republic under attack from all."

"The great wall, ditch and fortress on the opposite bank of the river Paraná; the force and judicious arrangement of the troops distributed over the interior in the south of our Republic, have commanded the respect of its enemies in that quarter."

"The beauty, the symmetry, and good taste displayed in the building of cities convey an advantageous idea of their inhabit-

ants," continues Perez: "Thus thought Caractacus, King of the Angles,"—thus think most persons! "His Excellency, glancing at the condition of the capital of the republic, saw a city in disorder and without police; streets without regularity, houses built according to the caprice of their owners."

But enough, O Perez; for it becomes too nasal! Perez, with a confident face, asks in fine, Whether all these things do not clearly prove to men and Guachos of sense, that Dictator Francia *was* "the deliverer whom the Lord raised up to deliver Paraguay from its enemies?"—Truly, O Perez, the benefits of him seem to have been considerable. Undoubtedly a man "sent by Heaven,"—as all of us are! Nay, it may be, the benefit of him is not even yet exhausted, even yet entirely become visible. Who knows but, in unborn centuries, Paragueno men will look back to their lean iron Francia, as men do in such cases to the one veracious person, and institute considerations! Oliver Cromwell, dead two hundred years, does yet speak; nay, perhaps now first begins to speak. The meaning and meanings of the one true man, never so lean and limited, starting up direct from Nature's heat, in this bewildered Gaucho world, gone far away from Nature, are endless!

The Messrs. Robertson are very merry on this attempt of Francia's to rebuild on a better plan the City of Assumpcion. The City of Assumpcion, full of tropical vegetation and "permanent hedges, the deposits of nuisance and vermin,"* has no pavement, no straightness of streets; the sandy thoroughfare in some quarters is torn by the rain into gullies, impassable with convenience to any animal but a kangaroo. Francia, after meditation, decides on having it remodelled, paved, straightened,—irradiated with the image of the one regular man. Robertson laughs to see a Dictator, sovereign ruler, straddling about, "taking observations with his theodolite," and so forth: O Robertson, if there was no other man that *could* observe with a theodolite? Nay, it seems further, the improvement of Assumpcion was attended, once more, with the dreadfulest tyrannies: peaceable citizens, dreaming no harm, no active harm to any soul, but mere peaceable passive dirt and irregularity to all souls, were ordered to pull down their houses which happened to stand in the middle of streets; forced (under rustle of the gallows) to draw their

purses, and rebuild them elsewhere! It is horrible. Nay, they said, Francia's true aim in these improvements, in this cutting down of the luxuriant "cross hedges" and architectural monstrosities, was merely to save himself from being shot, from under cover, as he rode through the place. It may be so: but Assumpcion is now an improved paved city, much squarer in the corners (and with the planned capacity, it seems, of growing ever squarer*); passable with convenience not to kangaroos only, but to wooden bullock-carts and all vehicles and animals.

Indeed our Messrs. Robertson find something comic as well as tragic in Dictator Francia; and enliven their running shriek all through this "Reign of Terror," with a pleasant vein of conventional satire. One evening, for example, a Robertson being about to leave Paraguay for England, and having waited upon Francia to make the parting compliments, Francia, to the Robertson's extreme astonishment, orders in a large bale of goods, orders them to be opened on the table there: Tobacco, poncho-cloth, and other produce of the country, all of first-rate quality, and with the prices ticketed. These goods the astonished Robertson is to carry to the "Bar of the House of Commons," and there to say, in such fashion and phraseology as a native may know to be suitable; "Mr. Speaker,—Dr. Francia is Dictator of Paraguay, a country of tropical fertility and 100,000 square miles in extent, producing these commodities, at these prices. With nearly all foreign nations he declines altogether to trade; but with the English, such is his notion of them, he is willing and desirous to trade. These are his commodities, in endless quantity; of this quality, at these prices. He wants arms, for his part. What say you, Mr. Speaker?"—Sure enough, our Robertson, arriving at the "Bar of the House of Commons" with such a message, would have cut an original figure! Not to the "House of Commons," was his message properly addressed; but to the English Nation; which Francia, idiot-like, supposed to be somehow represented, and made accessible and addressable in the House of Commons. It was a strange imbecility in any Dictator!—The Robertson, we find accordingly, did *not* take this bale of goods to the Bar of the House of Commons; nay, what was far worse, he did not, owing to accidents, go to England at all, or bring any arms back

* Perez.

* Perez.

to Francia at all: hence, indeed, Francia's unreasonable detestation of him, hardly to be restrained within the bounds of common politeness! A man who said he would do, and then did not do, was at no time a kind of man admirable to Francia. Large sections of this "Reign of Terror" are a sort of unmusical sonata, or free duet with variations, to this text: "How unadmirable a hide-merchant that does not keep his word!"—"How censurable, not to say ridiculous and imbecile, the want of common politeness in a Dictator!"

Francia was a man that liked performance: and sham-performance, in Paraguay as elsewhere, was a thing too universal. What a time of it had this strict man with *unreal* performers, imaginary workmen, public and private, cleric and laic! Ye Guachos,—it is no child's play, casting out those Seven Devils from you!

Monastic or other entirely slumberous church-establishments could expect no great favour from Francia. Such of them as seemed incurable, entirely slumberous, he somewhat roughly, shook awake, somewhat sternly ordered to begone. *Débout, canaille fainéante*, as his prophet Raynal says; *Débout: aux champs, aux ateliers!* Can I have you sit here, droning old metre through your nose; your heart asleep in mere gluttony, the while; and all Paraguay a wilderness or nearly so,—the Heaven's blessed sunshine growing mere tangles, lianas, yellow-fevers, rattlesnakes, and jaguars on it? Up, swift, to work,—or mark this governmental horsewhip, what the crack of it is, what the cut of it is like to be!—Incurable, for one class, seemed archbishops, bishops, and such like; given merely to a sham warfare against extinct devils. At the crack of Francia's terrible whip they went, dreading what the cut of it might be. A cheap worship in Paraguay, according to the humour of the people, Francia left; on condition that it did no mischief. Wooden saints and the like ware, he also left sitting in their niches: no new ones, even on solicitation, would he give a doit to buy. Being petitioned to provide a new patron-saint for one of his new fortifications once, he made this answer: "O people of Paraguay, how long will you continue idiots? While I was a Catholic I thought as you do: but I now see there are no saints but good cannons that will guard our frontiers!"* This also is noteworthy.

* Rengger.

He inquired of the two Swiss surgeons, what their religion was; and then added, "Be of what religion you like, here: Christians, Jews, Mussulmans,—but don't be Atheists."

Equal trouble had Francia with his laic workers, and indeed with all manner of workers; for it is in Paraguay as elsewhere, like priest like people. Francia had extensive barrack-buildings, nay city-buildings (as we have seen,) arm-furnishings; immensities of work going on, and his workmen had in general a tendency to be imaginary. He could get no work out of them; only a more or less deceptive similitude of work! Masons so called, builders of houses, did not build, but merely seem to build; their walls would not bear weather; stand on their bases in high winds. Hodge-razors, in all conceivable kinds, were openly marketed, "which were never meant to shave, but only to be sold!" For a length of time Francia's righteous soul struggled sore, yet unexplosively, with the propensities of these unfortunate men. By rebuke, by remonstrance, encouragement, offers of reward, and every vigilance and effort, he strove to convince them that it was unfortunate for a son of Adam to be an imaginary workman; that every son of Adam had better make razors which *were* meant to shave. In vain, all in vain! At length, Francia lost patience with them. "Thou wretched Fraction, wilt thou be the ninth part even of a tailor? Does it beseem thee to weave cloth of devil's-dust instead of true wool; and cut and sew it as if thou wert not a tailor, but the fraction of a very tailor! I cannot endure every thing!" Francia, in despair, erected his "Workman's Gallows." Yes, that institution of the country did actually exist in Paraguay; men and workmen saw it with eyes. A most remarkable, and, on the whole, not unbeneficial institution of society there. Robertson gives us the following scene with the Belt-maker of Assumpcion; which, be it literal, or in part poetic, does, no doubt of it, hold the mirror up to Nature in an altogether true, and surely in a very surprising manner:

"In came, one afternoon, a poor shoemaker, with a couple of grenadiers' belts, neither according to the fancy of the Dictator. 'Sentinel,'—said he,—and in came the sentinel; when the following conversation ensued:

"Dictator:—'Take this *bribonazo* (a very favourite word of the Dictator's, and which being interpreted, means 'most impertinent

scoundrel,')—'take this *bribonazo* to the gibbet over the way; walk him under it half-a-dozen times: and now,' said he, turning to the trembling shoemaker, 'bring me such another pair of belts, and instead of *walking* under the gallows, we shall try how you can *swing* upon it.'

"Shoemaker:—'Please your excellency I have done my best.'

"Dictator:—'Well, *bribon*, if this *be* your best, I shall do *my* best to see that you never again mar a bit of the state's leather. The belts are of no use to me; but they will do very well to hang you upon the little framework which the grenadier will show you.'

"Shoemaker:—'God bless your excellency, the Lord forbid! I am your vassal, your slave: day and night have I served, and will serve my lord; only give me two days more to prepare the belts; *y por el alma de un triste zapatéro* (by the soul of a poor shoemaker) I will make them to your excellency's liking.'

"Dictator:—'Off with him sentinel!'

"Sentinel:—'*Venga, bribon*: come along, you rascal.'

"Shoemaker:—'Señor Excellentísimo: *This very night* I will make the belts according to your excellency's pattern.'

"Dictator:—'Well, you shall have till the morning: but still you must pass under the gibbet: it is a salutary process, and may at once quicken the work and improve the workmanship.'

"Sentinel:—'*Vamonos, bribon*; the supreme commands it.'

"Off was the shoemaker marched: he was according to orders, passed and repassed under the gibbet; and then allowed to retire to his stall."

He worked there with such an alacrity and sibylline enthusiasm, all night, that his belts on the morning were without parallel in South America;—and he is now, if still in this life, Belt-maker general to Paraguay, a prosperous man; grateful to Francia and tho gallows, we may hope, for casting certain of the seven devils out of him!

Such an institution of society would evidently not be introduceable, under that simple form, in our old-constituted European countries. Yet it may be asked of constitutional persons in these times, By what succedaneum they mean to supply the want of it then?" In a community of imaginary workmen, how can you pretend to have any government, or social thing whatever, that were real? Certain ten-pound franchisers, with their "tre-

mendous cheers," are invited to reflect on this. With a community of quack workmen, it is by the law of Nature impossible that other than a quack government can be got to exist. Constitutional or other, with ballot-boxes or with none, your society in all its phases, administration, legislation, teaching, preaching, praying, and writing periodicals per sheet, will be a quack society; terrible to live in, disastrous to look upon. Such an institution of society, adapted to our European ways, seems pressingly desirable. O Guachos, South-American and European, what a business is it, casting out your seven devils!—

But perhaps the reader would like to take a view of Dr. Francia in the concrete, there as he looks and lives; managing that thousand-sided business for his Paraguenos, in the time of Surgeon Rengger? It is our last extract, or last view of the Dictator, who must hang no longer on our horizon here:

"I have already said that Dr. Francia, so soon as he found himself at the head of affairs, took up his residence in the habitation of the former Governors of Paraguay. This edifice, which is one of the largest in Assumption, was erected by the Jesuits, a short time before their expulsion, as a house of retreat for laymen, who devoted themselves to certain spiritual exercises instituted by Saint Ignatius. This structure the Dictator repaired and embellished; he has detached it from the other houses in the city, by interposing wide streets. Here he lives, with four slaves, a little negro, one male and two female mulattoes, whom he treats with great mildness. The two males perform the functions of valet-de-chambre and groom. One of the two mulatto women is his cook, and the other takes care of his wardrobe. He leads a very regular life. The first rays of the sun very rarely find him in bed. So soon as he rises, the negro brings a chafing-dish, a kettle, and a pitcher of water; the water is made to boil there. The Dictator then prepares, with the greatest possible care his *maté*, or Paraguay tea. Having taken this, he walks under the interior colonnade that looks upon the court; and smokes a cigar, which he first takes care to unroll, in order to ascertain that there is nothing dangerous in it, though it is his own sister who makes up his cigars for him. At six o'clock comes the barber, an ill-washed, ill-clad mulatto, given to drink too; but the only member of the faculty whom he trusts in. If the Dictator is in good humour, he chats with the barber; and often in this man-

ner makes use of him to prepare the public for his projects: this barber may be said to be his Official Gazette. He then steps out, in his dressing-gown of printed calico, to the outer colonnade, an open space with pillars, which ranges all round the building: here he walks about, receiving at the same time such persons as are admitted to an audience. Towards seven, he withdraws to his room, where he remains till nine; the officers and other functionaries then come to make their reports, and receive his orders. At eleven o'clock, the *fiel de fecho* (principal secretary) brings the papers which are to be inspected by him, and writes from his dictation till noon. At noon all the officers retire, and Doctor Francia sits down to table. His dinner, which is extremely frugal, he always himself orders. When the cook returns from market, she deposits her provisions at the door of her master's room; the Doctor then comes out, and selects what he wishes for himself. After dinner he takes his *siesta*. On awakening, he drinks his *matè*, and smokes a cigar, with the same precautions as in the morning. From this, till four or five, he occupies himself with business, when the escort to attend him on his promenade arrives. The barber then enters and dresses his hair, while his horse is getting ready. During his ride, the Doctor inspects the public works, and the barracks, particularly those of the cavalry, where he has had a set of apartments prepared for his own use. While riding, though surrounded by his escort, he is armed with a sabre, and a pair of double-barrelled pocket-pistols. He returns home about nightfall, and sits down to study till nine; then he goes to supper, which consists of a roast pigeon and a glass of wine. If the weather be fine, he again walks in the outer colonnade, where he often remains till a very late hour. At ten o'clock he gives the watchword. On returning into the house, he fastens all the doors himself."

Francia's brother was already mad. Francia banished this sister by and by, because she had employed one of his grenadiers, one of the public government's soldiers, on some errand of her own.* Thou lonely Francia!

Francia's escort of cavalry used to "strike men with the flat of their swords," much more assault them with angry epithets, if they neglected to salute the Dictator as he rode out. Both he and they, moreover, kept a sharp eye for assassins; but never found

any, thanks perhaps to their watchfulness. Had Francia been in Paris! At one time, also, there arose annoyance in the Dictatorial mind from idle crowds gazing about his Government House, and his proceedings there. Orders were given that all people were to move on, about their affairs, straight across this government esplanade; instructions to the sentry, that if any person paused to gaze, he was to be peremptorily bidden, Move on!—and if he still did not move, to be shot with ball-cartridge. All Paraguay men moved on, looking to the ground, swift as possible, straight as possible, through those precarious spaces; and the affluence of crowds thinned itself almost to the verge of solitude. One day, after many weeks or months, a human figure did loiter, did gaze in the forbidden ground: "Move on!" cried the sentry sharply;—no effect: "Move on!" and again none. Alas, the unfortunate human figure was an Indian, did not understand human speech, stood merely gaping interrogatively, whereupon a shot belches forth at him, the whewing of winged lead; which luckily only whewed, and did not hit! The astonishment of the Indian must have been great, his retreat-pace rapid. As for Francia, he summoned the sentry with hardly suppressed rage, "What news, *Amigo*?" The sentry quoted "your Excellency's order;" Francia cannot recollect such an order; commands now, that at all events such order cease.

It remains still that we say a word, not in excuse, which might be difficult, but in explanation, which is possible enough, of Francia's unforgivable insult to human science in the person of M. Aimé Bonpland. M. Aimé Bonpland, friend of Humboldt, after much botanical wandering, did, as all men know, settle himself in Entre Rios, an Indian or Jesuit country close on Francia, now burnt to ashes by Artigas; and there set up a considerable establishment for the improved culture of Paraguay tea. Botany? Why, yes, and perhaps commerce still more. "Botany?" exclaims Francia: "It is shopkeeping agriculture, and tends to prove fatal to my shop! Who is this extraneous individual? Artigas could not give him right to Entre Rios; Entre Rios is at least as much mine as Artigas's. Bring him to me!" Next night, or next, Paraguay soldiers surround M. Bonpland's tea-establishment; gallop M. Bonpland over the frontiers, to his appointed village in the interior; root out his tea-plants; scatter his four hundred Indians, and—we

* Rengger.

know the rest! Hard-hearted Monopoly refusing to listen to the charmings of Public Opinion or Royal-Society presidents, charm they never so wisely! M. Bonpland, at full liberty some time since, resides still in South America,—and is expected by the Robertsons, not altogether by this Editor, to publish his Narrative, with a due running shriek.

Francia's treatment of Artigas, his old enemy, the bandit and firebrand, reduced now to beg shelter of him, was good; humane, even dignified. Francia refused to see or treat with such a person, as he had ever done; but readily granted him a place of residence in the interior, and "thirty piasters a month till he died." The bandit cultivated fields, did charitable deeds, and passed a life of penitence, for his few remaining years. His bandit followers, who took to plundering again, says M. Rengger, "were instantly seized and shot."

On the other hand, that anecdote of Francia's dying father—requires to be confirmed! It seems the old man, who, as we saw, had long since quarrelled with his son, was dying, and wished to be reconciled. Francia "was busy;—what was in it?—could not come." A second still more pressing message arrives: "The old father dare not die unless he see his son; fears he shall never enter heaven, if they be not reconciled."—"Then let him enter —!" said Francia; "I will not come!"* If this anecdote be true, it is certainly, of all that are in circulation about Dr. Francia, by far the worst. If Francia, in that death-hour, could not forgive his poor old father, whatsoever he had, or could in the murkiest, sultriest imagination be conceived to have done against him, then let no man forgive Dr. Francia! But the accuracy of public rumour, in regard to a Dictator who has executed forty persons, is also a thing that can be guessed at. To whom was it, by name and surname, that Francia delivered this extraordinary response? Did the man make, or can he now be got to make, affidavit of it, to credible articulate-speaking persons resident on this earth? If so, let him do it—for the sake of the psychological sciences.

One last fact more. Our lonesome Dictator, living among Guachos, had the greatest pleasure, it would seem, in rational conversation—with Robertson, with Rengger, with any kind of intelligent human creature, when

such could be fallen in with, which was rarely. He would question you with eagerness about the ways of men in foreign places, the properties of things unknown to him; all human interest and insight was interesting to him. Only persons of no understanding being near him, for most part, he had to content himself with silence, a meditative cigar and cup of *matè*. O Francia, though thou hadst to execute forty persons, I am not without some pity for thee!

In this manner, all being yet dark and void for European eyes, have we to imagine that the man Rodriguez Francia passed, in a remote, but highly remarkable, not unquestionable or inquestioned manner, across the confused theatre of this world. For some thirty years, he was all the government his native Paraguay could be said to have. For some six-and-twenty years he was express Sovereign of it; for some three, or some two years, a Sovereign with bared sword, stern as Rhadamanthus: through all his years, and through all his days, since the beginning of him, a man or sovereign of iron energy and industry, of great and severe labour. So lived Dictator Francia, and had no rest; and only in Eternity any prospect of rest. A life of terrible labour;—but for the last twenty years, the Fulgencio plot being once torn in pieces and all now quiet under him, it was a more equable labour: severe, but equable, as that of a hardy draught-steed fitted in his harness; no longer plunging and champing, but pulling steadily—till he do all his rough miles, and get to his still home.

So dark were the Messrs. Robertson concerning Francia, they had not been able to learn in the least whether, when their book came out, he was living or dead. He was living then, he is dead now. He is dead, this remarkable Francia; there is no doubt about it: have not we and our readers heard pieces of his Funeral Sermon? He died on the 20th of September, 1840, as the Rev. Perez informs us; the people crowding round his Government House with much emotion, nay "with tears," as Perez will have it. Three Excellencies succeeded him, as some "Directorate," "*Junta Gubernativa*," or whatever the name of it is, before whom this reverend Perez preaches. God preserve them many years.

* Robertson.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

JACK STUART'S BET ON THE DERBY,
AND HOW HE PAID HIS LOSSES.

COTHERSTONE came in amid great applause, and was the winner of the poorest Derby ever known. While acclamation shook the spheres, and the corners of mouths were pulled down, and betting-books mechanically pulled out—while success made some people so benevolent that they did not believe in the existence of poverty anywhere, and certainly not in the distress of the wretched-looking beggar entreating a penny—while all these things were going on, champagne corks flying, the sun shining, toasts resounding, and a perfect hubbub in full activity on all sides, Jack Stuart drew me aside toward the carriage, and said, "Pon my word, it must be a cross. How the deuce could one horse beat the whole field?"

"Oh, you backed the field, did you?"

"To be sure. I always go with the strong-side."

"And you have lost?"

"A hundred and fifty."

No wonder Jack Stuart looked blue. A fifth part of his yearly income gone at one smash—and in such a foolish way, too.

"If the excitement could last three or four days, it would almost be worth the money," he said; "but no sooner do you hear the bell—see the crush of horses at the starting-post—bang—bang—off they go! and in a minute or two all is over, and your money gone. I will have a race of snails between London and York. It would be occupation for a year. But come, let us leave the abominable place." He hurried me into the stanhope, gave the rein to his active gray mare, and making a detour toward Kingston, we soon left the crowd behind us.

"I will never bet on a horse again," said Jack, ruminating on his loss. "Why should I? I know nothing about racing, and never could understand odds in my life; and just at this moment, too, I can't spare the coin."

At the same time he did not spare the whip; for you will always observe that a meditative gentleman in a gig is peculiarly impressive on his horse's shoulder. The gray trotted along, or burst into an occasional canter.

"I'll back this gray against Cotherstone for fifty pounds."

"To stand flogging? I think you would win."

"No, to jump. See how she springs."

Hereupon Jack touched the mare in a very scientific manner, just under the fore-arm, and the animal, indignant at this disrespectful manner of proceeding, gave a prodigious rush forward, and then reared.

"You'll break the shafts," I said.

"I think she is going to run away, but there seems no wall near us—and I don't think any coaches travel this road. Sit still, for she's off."

The mare, in good truth, resented her master's conduct in a high degree, and took the bit in her teeth.

"If she doesn't kick, it's all right," said Jack.

"She has no time to kick if she goes at this pace," I answered; "keep her straight."

The speed continued unabated for some time, and we were both silent. I watched the road as far in advance as I could see, in dread of some wagon, or coach, or sudden turn, or even a turnpike gate, for the chances would have been greatly against an agreeable termination.

"I'll tell you what," cried Jack, turning round to me, "I think I've found out a way of paying my losses."

"Indeed! but can't you manage in the mean time to stop the mare?"

"Poh! let her go. I think rapid motion is a great help to the intellect. I feel quite sure I can pay my bets without putting my hand into my pocket."

"How! Pull the near check. She'll be in the ditch."

"Why, I think I shall publish a novel."

I could scarcely keep from laughing, though a gardener's cart was two hundred yards in advance.

"You write a novel! Wouldn't you like to build a pyramid at the same time?"

"We've given that old fellow a fright on the top of the cabbage," said Jack, going within an inch of the wheels of the cart. "H'll think we've got Cotherstone in harness. But what do you mean about a pyramid?"

"Why, who ever heard of your writing a novel?"

"I did not say *write* a novel—I said *publish* a novel."

"Well, who is to write it?" I inquired.

"That's the secret," he answered; "and

if that isn't one of Pickford's vans, I'll tell you"—

The mare kept up her speed; and, looming before us, apparently filling up the whole road, was one of the moving castles drawn by eight horses, that, compared to other vehicles, are like elephants moving about among a herd of deer.

"Is there room to pass?" asked Jack, pulling the right rein with all his might.

"Scarcely," I said, "the post is at the side of the road."

"Take the whip," said Jack, "and just when we get up, give her a cut over the left ear."

In dread silence we sat watching the tremendous gallop. Nearer and nearer we drew to the wagon, and precisely at the right time Jack pulled the mare's bridle, and I cut her over the ear. Within a hairbreadth of the post on one side, and the van on the other, we cut our bright way through.

"This is rather pleasant than otherwise," said Jack, breathing freely; "don't you think so?"

"I can't say it altogether suits my taste," I answered. "Do you think she begins to tire?"

"Oh, she never tires; don't be the least afraid of that!"

"It's the very thing I wish; but there's a hill coming."

"She likes hills; and at the other side, when we begin to descend, you'll see her pace. I'm very proud of the mare's speed."

"It seems better than her temper; but about the novel?" I inquired.

"I shall publish in a fortnight," answered Jack.

"A whole novel? Three volumes?"

"Six, if you like—or a dozen. I'm not at all particular."

"But on what subject?"

"Why, what a simpleton you must be! There is but one subject for a novel—historical, philosophical, fashionable, antiquarian, or whatever it calls itself. The whole story, after all, is about a young man and a young woman—he all that is noble, and she all that is good. Every circulating library consists of nothing whatever but Love and Glory—and that shall be the name of my novel."

"But if you don't write it, how are you to publish it?"

"Do you think any living man or any living woman ever wrote a novel?"

"Certainly."

"Stuff, my dear fellow; they never did anything of the kind. They publish—that's all. Is that a heap of stones?"

"I think it is."

"Well, that's better than a gravel-pit. Cut her right ear. There, we're past it. Amazing bottom, hasn't she?"

"Too much," I said; "but go on with your novel."

"Well, my plan is simply this—but make a bet, will you? I give odds. I bet you five to one in fives, that I produce, in a week from this time, a novel called 'Love and Glory,' not of my own composition or anybody else's—a good readable novel—better than any of James's—and a great deal more original."

"And yet not written by any one?"

"Exactly—bet, will you?"

"Done," I said; "and now explain."

"I will, if we get round this corner; but it is very sharp. Bravo, mare! and now we've a mile of level Macadam. I go to a circulating library and order home forty novels—any novels that are sleeping on the shelf. That is a hundred and twenty volumes—or perhaps, making allowance for the five-volume tales of former days, a hundred and fifty volumes altogether. From each of these novels I select one chapter and a half, that makes sixty chapters, which, at twenty chapters to each volume, makes a very good-sized novel."

"But there will be no connection."

"Not much," replied Jack, "but an amazing degree of variety."

"But the names?"

"Must all be altered—the only trouble I take. There must be a countess and two daughters; let them be the Countess of Lorrington and the Ladies Alice and Matilda—a hero, Lord Berville, originally Mr. Lawleigh—and everything else in the same manner. All castles are to be Lorrington Castle—all the villains are to be Sir Stratford Manvers—all the flirts Lady Emily Trecothicks—and all the benevolent Christians, recluses, uncles, guardians, and benefactors—Mr. Percy Wyndford, the younger son of an earl's younger son, very rich, and getting on for sixty-five."

"But nobody will print such wholesale plagiarisms."

"Won't they? See what Colburn publishes, and Bently, and all of them. Why, they're all made up things—extracts from old newspapers, or histories of processions or

lord-mayors' shows. What's that coming down the hill?"

"Two coaches abreast"—I exclaimed—"racing by Jupiter! and not an inch left for us to pass!"

"We've a minute yet," said Jack, and looked around. On the left was a park paling; on the right a stout hedge, and beyond it a grass field. "If it weren't for the ditch she could take the hedge," he said. "Shall we try?"

"We had better"—I answered—"rather be floored in a ditch than dashed to pieces against a coach."

"Lay on, then—here goes!"

I applied the whip to the left ear of the mare, Jack pulled at the right cheek. She turned suddenly out of the road and made a dash at the hedge. Away she went, harness, shafts, and all, leaving the stanhope in the ditch, and sending Jack and me flying, like experimental fifty-sixes in the marshes at Woolwich, halfway across the meadow. The whole incident was so sudden that I could scarcely comprehend what had happened. I looked round, and, in a furrow at a little distance, I saw my friend Jack. We looked some time at each other, afraid to inquire into the extent of the damage; but at last Jack said, "She's a capital jumper, isn't she? It was as good a flying leap as I ever saw. She's worth two hundred guineas for a heavy weight."

"A flying leap!" I said; "it was a leap to be sure, but the flying, I think, was performed by ourselves."

"Are you hurt?" inquired Jack.

"Not that I know of," I replied; "you're all right?"

"Oh! as for me, I enjoy a quiet drive, like this, very much. I'm certain it gives a flip to the ideas, that you never receive in a family coach at seven miles an hour. I believe I owe the mare a great sum of money, not to mention all the fame I expect to make by my invention. But let us get on to the next inn, and send people after the stanhope and the mare. We shall get into a car, and go comfortably home."

We did not go to the Oaks on Friday. We were both too stiff: for though a gentleman may escape without breaking his bones, still an ejection so vigorously executed as the one we had sustained, always leaves its mark. In the meantime Jack was busy. Piles of volumes lay round him, scraps of paper were on the table, marks were put in

the pages. He might have stood for the portrait of an industrious author. And yet a more unlitrary, not to say illiterate, man than he had been before the runaway, did not exist in the Albany. "*Curriculo collegisse juvat*"—are there any individuals to whom their curricula have been a college, and who have done without a university in the strength of a fast-trotting horse? Jack was one of these. He had never listened to Big Tom of Christchurch, nor punned his way to the bachelor's table of St. John's, and yet he was about to assume his place among the illustrious of the land, and have his health proposed by a duke at the literary fund dinner, as "Jack Stuart, and the authors of England;" and perhaps he would deserve the honour as well as some of his predecessors; for who is more qualified to return thanks for the authors of England than a person whose work contains specimens of so many? Your plagiarist is the true representative.

Jack's room is rather dark, and the weather, on the day of the Oaks, was rather dingy. We had the shutters closed at half-past seven, and sat down to dinner; soused salmon, perigord pie, iced champagne, and mareschino. Some almonds and raisins, hard biscuit, and a bottle of cool claret, made their appearance when the cloth was removed, and Jack began—"I don't believe there was ever such a jumper as the gray mare since the siege of Troy, when the horse got over the wall."

"Is she hurt?"

"Lord bless you," said Jack, "she's dead. When she got over the hedge she grew too proud of herself, and personal vanity was the ruin of her. She took a tremendous spiked gate, and caught it with her hind legs; the spikes kept her fast, the gate swung open, and the poor mare was so disgusted that she broke her heart. She was worth two hundred guineas; so that the Derby this year has cost me a fortune. The stanhope is all to atoms, and the farmer claims compensation for the gate. It's a very lucky thing I thought of the book."

"Oh, you still go on with the novel?"

"It's done, man, finished—perfect."

"All written out?"

"Not a word of it. That isn't the way the people write books now; no, I clipped out half of it with a pair of scissors, and the other half is all marked with pencil."

"But the authors will find you out."

"Not a bit of it. No author reads any-

body's writings but his own; or if they do, I'll deny it—that's all; and the public will only think the poor fellow prodigiously vain, to believe that any one would quote his book. And, besides, here are the reviews."

"Of the book that isn't published?"

"To be sure. Here are two or three sentences from Macauley's Milton, half a page from Wilson's "Wordsworth," and a good lump from Jeffrey's "Walter Scott." Between them, they made out my book to be a very fine thing, I assure you. I sha'n't sell it under five hundred pounds."

"Do you give your name?"

"Certainly not—unless I were a lord. No, I think I shall pass for a woman; a young girl, perhaps; daughter of a bishop; or the divorced wife of a member of parliament."

"I should like to hear some of your work. I am interested."

"I know you are. We have a bet, you know; but I have found out a strange thing in correcting my novel—that you can make out a whole story out of any five chapters."

"No, go. You're quizzing."

"Not I. I tell you, out of any five chapters, of any five novels, you make a very good short tale; and the odd thing is, it does'nt the least matter which chapters you choose. With a very little sagacity, the reader sees the whole; and, let me tell you, the great fault of story-writing is telling too much, and leaving too little for the reader to supply to himself. Recollect what I told you about altering the names of all the characters, and, with that single proviso, read chapter fifteen of the first volume of this—"

Jack handed me a volume, turned down at the two hundredth page, and I read what he told me to call the first chapter of "Love and Glory."

THE WILDERNESS.

"A tangled thicket is a holy place
For contemplation, lifting to the stars
Its passionate eyes, and breathing paradise
Within a sanctified solemnity."—*Old Play.*

["That's my own," said Jack. "When people see that I don't even quote a motto, they'll think me a real original. Go on."]

The sun's western rays were gilding the windows of the blue velvet drawing-room of Lorrington Castle, and the three ladies sat in the silence, as if admiring the glorious light which now sunk gradually behind the forest at the extremity of the park. The

lady Alice leant her cheek upon her hand, and before her rose a vision of the agitating occurrences of yesterday. The first declaration a girl receives alters her whole character for life. No longer a solitary being, she feels that with her fate the happiness of another is indissolubly united; for, even if she rejects the offer, the fact of its having been made, is a bond of union from which neither party gets free—Sir Stratford Manvers had proposed: had she accepted him? did she love him? ay, did she love him? a question apparently easy to answer, but to an ingenuous spirit which knows not how to analyze its feelings, impossible. Sir Stratford was young, handsome, clever—but there was a certain something, a *je ne sais quoi* about him, which marred the effect of all these qualities. A look, a tone that jarred with the rest of his behaviour, and suggested a thought to the very persons who were enchanted with his wit, and openness, and generosity—Is this real? is he not an actor? a consummate actor, if you will—but merely a great performer assuming a part. By the side of the bright and dashing Manvers, rose to the visionary eyes of the beautiful girl the pale and thoughtful features of Mr. Lawleigh. She heard the music of his voice, and saw the deep eyes fixed on her with the same tender expression of interest and admiration as she had noticed during his visit at the Castle. She almost heard the sigh with which he turned away, when she had appeared to listen with pleasure to the sparkling conversation of Sir Stratford. She had *not* accepted Sir Stratford, and she did *not* love him. When a girl hesitates between two men, or when the memory of one is mixed up with the recollection of another, it is certain that she loves neither. And strange to say, now that her thoughts reverted to Mr. Lawleigh, she forgot Sir Stratford altogether. She wondered that she had said so little to Mr. Lawleigh, and was sorry that she had not been kinder—she recalled every word and every glance—and could not explain why she was pleased when she recollected how sad he had looked when he had taken leave one little week before. How differently he had appeared the happy night of the county assembly, and at the still happier masked ball at the Duke of Rosley's! Blind, foolish girl, she thought, to have failed to observe these things before, and now!—

"I have written to Lorrington, my dear Alice," said the Countess, "as head of the

family, and your eldest brother, it is a compliment we must pay him—but it is a mere compliment, remember.”

“To write to William?” mamma.

“I presume you know to what subject I allude,” continued the Countess. “He will give his consent of course.”

“Oh, mamma!” cried Alice, while tears sprang into her eyes, “I was in hopes you would have spared me this. Don’t write to William; or let *me* tell him—let me add a postscript—let me”——

“You will do what I wish you, I conclude—and I have told Sir Stratford”——

“Oh, what? what have you told him?”

“That he is accepted. I trust I shall hear no more on the subject. The marriage will take place in two months.”

“But I don’t love him, mamma—indeed.”

“I am glad to hear it,” said the mother, coldly. “I rejoice that my daughters are too well brought up to love any one—that is—of course—till they are engaged; during that short interval, it is right enough—in moderation; though, even then, it is much more comfortable to continue perfectly indifferent. Persons of feeling are always vulgar, and only fit for clergymen’s wives.”

“But Sir Stratford, mamma”——

“Has twenty thousand a year, and is in very good society. He almost lives with the Rosleys. The Duke has been trying to get him for his son-in-law for a whole year.”

“And Lady Mary so beautiful, too?”

“I believe, my dear, Lady Mary’s affections, as they are called, are engaged.”

“Indeed?” inquired the daughter, for curiosity in such subjects exists even in the midst of one’s own distresses.

“May I ask who has gained Lady Mary’s heart?”

“I believe it is that young Mr. Lawleigh, a cousin of the Duchess—old Lord Berville’s nephew; you’ve seen him here—a quiet, reserved young man. I saw nothing in him, and I understand he is very poor.”

“And does—does Mr. Lawleigh—like—love—Lady Mary?” inquired Alice with difficulty.

“He never honoured me with his confidence,” replied the Countess, “but I suppose he does—of course he does—Sir Stratford, indeed, told me so—and he ought to know, for he is his confidant.”

“He keeps the secret well,” said Lady Alice, with a slight tone of bitterness; “and Mr. Lawleigh could scarcely be obliged to

him if he knew the use he makes of his confidence—and Lady Mary still less”——she added.

“Why, if girls will be such fools as to think they have hearts, and then throw them away, they must make up their minds to be laughed at. Lady Mary is throwing herself away—her *inamorato* is still at Rosley House.”

It was lucky the Countess did not perceive the state of surprise with which her communication was received.

Lady Alice again placed her cheek upon her hand, and sank into a deeper reverie than ever.

“Sir Stratford also is at Rosley, and if he rides over this evening, I have given orders for him to be admitted. You will conduct yourself as I wish. Come, Matilda, let us leave your sister to her happy thoughts.”

Her happy thoughts! the Lady Alice was not one of those indifferent beings panegyricized by the Countess; she had given her whole heart to Henry Lawleigh—and now to hear that he loved another! She gazed along the magnificent park, and longed for the solitude and silence of the wilderness beyond. There, anywhere but in that sickening room, where the communication had been made to her, she would breathe freer. She wrapt her mantle over her head, and walked down the flight of steps into the park. Deeply immersed in her own sad contemplation, she pursued her way under the avenue trees, and, opening the wicket gate, found herself on the little terrace of the wood—the terrace so lonely, so quiet—where she had listened, where she had smiled. And now to know that he was false! She sat down on the bench at the foot of the oak, and covered her face with her hands, and wept.

A low voice was at her ear. “Alice!”

She looked up, and saw bending over her, with eyes full of admiration and surprise, Harry Lawleigh. Gradually as she looked, his features assumed a different expression, his voice also altered its tone.

“You are weeping, Lady Alice,” he said—“I scarcely expected to find you in so melancholy a mood, after the joyous intelligence I heard to-day.”

“Joyous!” repeated Alice, without seeming to comprehend the meaning of the word. “What intelligence do you allude to?”

“Intelligence which I only shared with the whole party at Rosley Castle. There was no secret made of the happy event.”

"I really can't understand you. What is it you mean?" who communicated the news?"

"The fortunate victor announced his conquest himself. Sir Stratford received the congratulations of every one from the duke down to—to—myself."

"I will not pretend to misunderstand you," said Lady Alice—"my mother, but a few minutes ago, conveyed to me the purport of Sir Stratford's visit." She paused and sighed.

"And you replied?" inquired Lawleigh.

"I gave no reply. I was never consulted on the subject. I know not in what words my mother conveyed her answer."

"The words are of no great importance," said Lawleigh; "the fact seems sufficiently clear; and as I gave Sir Stratford my congratulations on his happiness, I must now offer them to you, on the brightness of your prospects, and the shortness of your memory."

"Few can appreciate the value of the latter quality so well as yourself—your congratulations on the other subject are as uncalled for as your taunts—I must return home." She rose to depart, and her face and figure had resumed all the grace and dignity which had formerly characterized her beauty.

"One word, Lady Alice!" said Lawleigh; "look round—it was here—one little year ago, that I believed myself the happiest, and felt myself, the most fortunate, of men. This spot was the witness of vows—sincerer on one side than any ever registered in heaven—on another, of vows more fleeting than the shadows of the leaves that danced on the greensward that calm evening in June, when first I told you that I loved you: the leaves have fallen—the shadows are departed—the vows are broken. Alice! may you be happy—farewell!"

"If you desire it, be it so—but before we part, it is right you should know all. Whatever answer my mother may have given to Sir Stratford Manvers, to that answer I am no party. I do not love him: and shall never marry him. Your congratulations, therefore, to both of us were premature, and I trust the same description will not apply to those I now offer to Mr. Lawleigh and Lady Mary Rosley."

"To me? to Lady Mary? what does this mean?"

"It means that your confidential friend, Sir Stratford, has betrayed your secret—

that I know your duplicity, and admire the art with which you conceal your unfaithfulness by an attempt to cast the blame of it on me."

"As I live—Alice! Alice! hear me," cried Lawleigh, stepping after the retreating girl; "I will explain—you are imposed on."

A hand was laid on his arm—

"He! fairly caught by Jupiter! whither away?" said Sir Stratford Manvers. "Thou'st sprung fair game i' the forest, 'faith—I watched her retreat—a step like a roebuck—a form like a Venus"—

"Unhand me, villain, or in an instant my sword shall drink the blood of thy cowardly heart."

"Fair words! thou'st been studying the rantipoles of Will Shakspeare, Hal. What is't, man? Is thy bile at boiling heat, because I have lit upon thee billing and cooing with the forester's fair niece—poh! man—there be brighter eyes than hers, however bright they be."

"Now, then, we have met," said Lawleigh, in a voice of condensed passion—"met where none shall hear us—met where none shall see us—met where none shall part us—Ha! dost thou look on me without a blush—the man you have injured—the friend who trusted—the enemy who shall slay? draw!"

"This is sheer midsummer madness—put up thy toasting-fork, Hal. This is no time nor place for imitations of Ben Jonson's Bobabil. Zounds! man, you'll startle all the game with your roaring—and wherefore is all this disturbance?"

"'Tis that you have traduced me, and injured me in the eyes of one, for a smile of whose lip thou well knowest I would lay down my life—for a touch of whose hand thou well knowest I would sell me of the Evil One—thou hast blackened me, and I will be avenged—ho! chicken-hearted boaster before women, and black-hearted traitor among men, will nothing rouse thee? Hear this, then—thou hast lied."

"Thou mean'st it?" said Sir Stratford, and drew back a step or two.

"I do—art thou man enough to cross points on that provocation?"

"Oh, on far less, as thou well knowest, in the way of accommodating a young gentleman anxious to essay a feat of arms. Thou hast said the word, and we fight—but let me ask to what particular achievement of mine thou hast attached so ugly an epithet. I

would fain know to what I am indebted for your good opinion so gallantly expressed."

"I will but name two names—and between them thou wilt find how dastardly thy conduct has been."

"Make it three—'twere pity to balk the Graces of their number; add the young lady who so lately left thee. The forester's fair daughter deserves a niche as well as a duke's daughter."

"The names I mention," said Lawleigh, "are Lady Alice Lorrington, and Lady Mary Rosley."

Sir Stratford lifted his cap. "Fair ladies," he said, "I greet you well; that I have sunned me in the bright blue eyes of one, and dark lustrous glances of the other, is true—yet, 'tis but acting in love as people are justified in doing in other things. When health begins to fail, physicians recommend a change of climate—when admiration begins to decay, I always adopt a different style of beauty; when the cold climate is too severe, I fly to the sunny plains of Italy—when Lady Alice frowns, I go to bask in the smiles of Lady Mary."

"And are a villain, a calumniator, and a boaster in all—defend thyself."

"As best I may," replied Sir Stratford, and drew his sword. It was easy for him to parry the rapid thrusts of his enraged adversary—and warily and slowly he was beginning the offensive in his turn, when a sudden flash was seen, a loud report took place, and the baronet was stretched upon the ground, weltering in his blood. Rapid steps were heard retreating in the direction of the thicket in the park, and Lawleigh hurried to the paling, and saw the form of a tall man, in a dark velvet coat disappear over the hedge.

["How good that is!" said Jack Stuart, as I came to the end of the chapter, and laid down the volume. "How good that is? Did you perceive where the joining took place?"

"No—I saw no joining."

"Why, you stupid fellow, didn't you see that the first part was from a novel of the present day, and the other from a story of the rebellion—who the deuce do you think talks of *thees* and *thous* except the Quakers?"

"I didn't notice it, I confess."

"Glad to hear it; nobody else will; and in the next chapter, which is the seventeenth of the second volume of this romance, you will see how closely the story fits. Recol-

lect to change the names as I have marked them in pencil, and go on.

CHAPTER II.

"Hope springs eternal in the human mind,
I would be cruel only to be kind;
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
Survey mankind from Indus to Peru;
How long by sinners shall thy courts be trod?
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

MS. Poem—(original.)

Night, thick, heavy, deep night! No star visible amid the sulphurous blackness of the overcharged clouds; and silence, dreadful as if distilled from the voicelessness of the graves of a buried world! Night and silence, the twins that keep watch over the destinies of the slumbering earth, which booms round in ceaseless revolution, grand, mystic, sublime, but yearns in the dim vastness of its sunless course, for the bright morning hour which shall again invest it with a radiance fresh from heaven! Darkness, and night, and silence! and suddenly rushing down, on whirlwind wings, the storm burst fearfully upon their domain—wind and rain, and the hollow sound of the swaying branches! And Lawleigh passed onward. His horse, which for several miles had shown symptoms of fatigue, now yielded to the difficulties it could no longer encounter; and, after a few heavy struggles, fell forward, and did not attempt to rise. Thirteen hours had elapsed from the time the chase on that day commenced, and unless for a short minute, he had seen nothing of the fugitive. Yet he had dashed onward, feeling occasionally his holsters, and satisfied that his pistols were in serviceable condition. He was now nearly as much exhausted as his horse; but determining to yield to no obstruction, he seized the pistols, and proceeded through the wood, leaving his gallant charger to his fate. Lawleigh was strong and active beyond most men of his day; and, when excited, more vigorous and determined than could have been supposed from the ordinary equanimity of his character. But here a great murder had been committed!—before his very eyes!—accusations had been hazarded!—and one soft voice dwelt for ever on his ear—"Find out the murderer, or see me no more." Had Lady Alice, indeed, allowed a suspicion to invade her mind, that he had been accessory to the death of Sir Stratford Manvers? But no! he would pursue the dreadful thought no further. Sufficient that, after many efforts, he had regained a clue to the discovery of the tall

man he had seen escape into the thicket. He had tracked him unweariedly from place to place—had nearly overtaken him in the cave at Nottingham Hill—caught glimpses of him in the gipsy camp at Hattan Grange—and now felt assured he was close upon his track in the savage ranges of Barnley Wold. Barnley Wold was a wild, uncultivated district, interspersed at irregular intervals with the remains of an ancient forest, and famous, at the period of our narrative, as the resort of many lawless and dangerous characters. Emerging from one of the patches of wood, which, we have said, studded the immense expanse of the wold, Lawleigh was rejoiced to perceive a faint brightening of the sky, which foretold the near approach of the morning. He looked all around, and, in the slowly increasing light, he thought he perceived, at the top of a rising ground at some distance, a shepherd's hut, or one of the rough sheds put up for the accommodation of the woodmen. He strove to hurry toward it, but his gigantic strength failed at length; and, on reaching the humble cottage, he sank exhausted at the door. When he recovered consciousness, he perceived he was laid on a rough bed, in a very small chamber, illuminated feebly by the still slanting beams of the eastern sun. He slowly regained his full recollection; but, on hearing voices in the room, he shut his eyes again, and affected the same insensibility as before.

"What could I do?" said a voice in a deprecating tone.

"Leave him to die, to be sure," was the rough-toned answer. "I thought thee had had enough of gentlefolks, without bringing another fair-feathered bird to the nest." There was something in the expression with which this was said, that seemed to have a powerful effect on the first speaker.

"After the years of grief I've suffered, you might have spared your taunt, George. The gentleman lay almost dead at the door, and you yourself helped me to bring him in."

"'Twould have been better, perhaps, for him, if we had led him somewhere else; for your father seems bitter now against all the fine folks together."

"Because he fancies he has cause of hatred to me—but he never had," answered the girl.

"And the gentleman had pistols, too," said the man. "You had better hide them, or your father will maybe use them against the owner."

"I did not move them from the gentleman's breast. We must wake him, and hurry him off before my father's return—but, hark! I hear his whistle. Oh, George, what shall we do?"

Lawleigh, who lost not a syllable of the conversation, imperceptibly moved his hand to his breast, and grasped the pistol. The man and the girl, in the mean time, went to the door, and in a minute or two returned with a third party—an old man dressed like a gamekeeper, and carrying a short, stout fowling-piece in his hand. His eyes were wild and cruel, and his haggard features wore the impress of years of dissipation and recklessness. "Does he carry a purse, George?" said the new comer, in a low whisper, as he looked toward the bed.

"Don't know—never looked," said George. "Where have you been all the week? We expected you home three days ago."

"All over the world, boy—and now you'll see me rest quiet and happy—oh, very! Don't you think I look as gleesome, Janet, as if I was a gentleman?"

The tone in which he spoke was at variance with the words; and it is likely that his face belied the expression he attributed to it; for his daughter, looking at him for the first time, exclaimed—

"Oh, father! what has happened? I never saw you look so wild."

"Lots has happened, Janet—sich a lot o' deaths I've been in at, to be sure—all great folks, too; none of your paltry little fellows of poachers or gamekeepers, but real quality. What do think of a lord, my girl?"

"I know nothing about them, father."

"You used, though, when you lived at the big house. Well, I was a-passing, two nights since, rather in a hurry, for I was a little pressed for time, near the house of that old fellow that keeps his game as close as if he were a Turk, and they was his wives—old Berville—Lord Berville, you remember, as got Bill Hunker's transported for making love to a hen pheasant. Well, thinks I, I'll just make bold to ask if there's any more of them in his lordship's covers, when, bing, bang goes a great bell at the castle, and all the village folks goes up to see what it was. I went with them, and there we seed all the servants a rummaging and scrummaging through the whole house, as if they was the French; and, as I seed them all making free with snuff-boxes and spoons, and such like,

I thought I'd be neighbourly, and just carried off this gold watch as a keepsake of my old friend."

"Oh, father! what will his lordship do?"

"He'll rot, Janet, without thinking either about me or his watch; for he's dead. He was found in his bed that very morning, when he was going to sign away all the estate from his nephew. So that it's lucky for that 'ere covey that the old boy slipt when he did. People were sent off in all directions to find him; for it seems the old jackdaw and the young jackdaw wasn't on good terms, and nobody knows where he's gone to."

"They would have known at Rosley Castle," said the girl, but checked herself, when her father burst out—

"To the foul fiend with Rosley Castle, girl! Will you never get such fancies out of your head? If you name that cursed house to me again, you die. But, ha! ha! you may name it now," he added, with a wild laugh. "We've done it."

"Who? Who have done it?"

"She and I," said the ruffian, and nodded toward the fowling-piece, which he had laid upon the table; "and now we're safe, I think; so give me some breakfast, girl, and ask no more foolish questions. You, George, get ready to see if the snares have caught us any thing, and I'll go to bed in the loft. I'll speak to this springald when I get up."

"Done what, father?" said the girl, laying her hand on the old man's arm. "For mercy's sake tell me what it is you have done—your looks frighten me."

"Why, lodged a slug in the breast of a golden pheasant, that's all—a favourite bird of yours—but be off and get me breakfast."

While waiting for his meal, he sat in an arm-chair, with his eyes fixed on the bed where Lawleigh, or, as we must now call him, Lord Berville, lay apparently asleep. What the ruffian's thoughts were we cannot say, but those of his involuntary guest were strange enough. His uncle dead, and the fortune not alienated, as, with the exception of a very small portion, he had always understood his predecessor had already done—his life at this moment in jeopardy; for a cursory glance at the tall figure of the marauder, as he had entered, had sufficed to show that the object of his search was before him—and too well he knew the unscrupulous villainy of the man to doubt for a moment what his conduct would be if he found his pursuer in his power. If he could slip from

the bed unobserved, and master the weapon on the table, he might effect his escape, and even secure the murderer; for he made light of the resistance that could be offered by the young woman, or by George. But he felt, without opening his eyes, that the glance of the old man was fixed on him; and, with the determination to use his pistol on the first demonstration of violence, he resolved to wait the course of events. The breakfast in the mean time was brought in, and Janet was about to remove the fowling-piece from the table, when she was startled by the rough voice of her father, ordering her to leave it alone, as it might have work to do before long.

The girl's looks must have conveyed an inquiry; he answered them with a shake of his head toward the bed. "I may have business to settle with *him*," he said, in a hoarse whisper; and the girl pursued her task in silence. The old man, after cautioning her not to touch the gun, turned to the dark press at one end of the room, and in about half a minute had filled his pipe with tobacco, and re-seated himself in the chair. But Janet had seized the opportunity of his back being turned, and poured the hot water from the teapot into the touch hole, and was again busy in arranging the cups and saucers.

"Where's George?" inquired the father; "but poh, he's a chicken-hearted fellow, and would be of no use in case of a row"—So saying, he went on with his breakfast.

"He's awake!" he said suddenly. "I seed his eye."

"Oh no, father! he's too weak to open his eyes—indeed he is."

"I seed his eye, I tell ye; and more than that, I've seed the eye afore. Ha! am I betrayed?"

He started up, and seized the fowling-piece. His step sounded across the floor, and Berville threw down the clothes in a moment, and sprang to his feet.

"*You* here?" cried the ruffian, and levelled the gun, drew the trigger, and recoiled in blank dismay when he missed fire, and saw the athletic figure of Berville distended to its full size with rage, and a pistol pointed with deadly aim within a yard of his heart. He raised the butt-end of his gun; but his daughter, rushing forward, clung to his arm.

"Fire not—but fly!" she cried, to Berville. "Others are within call, and you are lost."

"Villain!" said Berville, "miscreant! murderer! you have but a moment to live"—and cocked the pistol.

"Let go my arm, girl," cried the old man, struggling.

"I have saved your life—I hindered the gun from going off—all I ask you in return is to spare my father." She still retained her hold on the old man's arm, who, however, no longer struggled to get it free.

"What! you turned against me?" he said, looking ferociously at the beautiful imploring face of his daughter. "You, to revenge whom I did it all! Do you know what I did? I watched your silken wooer till I saw him in the presence of this youth—I killed Sir Stratford Manvers"—

"And shall die for your crime," cried Berville; "but the death of a felon is what you deserve, and you have none other at my hands. In the mean time, as I think you are no fit companion for the young woman to whom I am indebted for my life, I shall offer her the protection of my mother, and take her from your house. If you consent to let us go in peace, I spare your life for the present; and will even for three days abstain from setting the emissaries of the law in search of you. After that, I will hunt you to the death. Young woman, do you accept my terms? If you refuse, your father dies before your face."

"Shall I accept, father?"

"If you stay, I lodge a bullet in your brain," said the old savage, and drew himself up.

"Come, then," said Berville, leading Janet to the door. She turned round ere she quitted the cottage, but met a glance of such anger and threatening, that she hurried forward with Berville, who pursued his way rapidly through the wood.

["That fits in very nicely," said Jack Stuart; "and you may be getting ready the five pound note, for I feel sure you know you back the losing horse. Can any thing be more like a genuine, *bona fide* novel, the work of one man, and a devilish clever man too? Confess now, that if you didn't know the trick of it, you would have thought it a splendid original work? But perhaps your throat's dry with so much reading? Here's another bottle of Lafitte; and we can miss over a volume and a half of foreign scenes, which you can imagine; for they are to be found in every one of the forty novels I sent

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for. Just imagine that the Countess takes her daughters abroad—that Berville encounters them in the Colosseum by moonlight—quarrels—doubts—suspicions—and a reconciliation; finally, they all come home, and you will find the last chapter of the last volume in this."

Jack handed me a volume, evidently popular among circulating library students, for it was very dirty; and I was just going to commence, when Jack interrupted me.

"Stay," he said; "you must have a motto. Do you know Italian?"

"Not a word."

"Or Spanish, or German?"

"No."

"Well, you surely can recollect some Greek—for next to manuscript quotations and old plays, you can't do better than have some foreign lines at the beginning of the chapter. What Greek do you remember? for, 'pon my honour, I've forgotten all mine."

"My dear Jack, I only know a line here and there."

"Out with them. Put them all in a row, and never mind the meaning."

Thus urged, I indited the following as headpiece.

"Deinè de clangè genet' argurioio bioio,
Be d'akeion para thina poluphosboio thalasses,
Thelo legein Atreidas, thelo de Cadmon, adein,
Ton d'apomeibomenos prosephè podas-ocus Achil-
leus." HOMER, *Iliad*, l. 1.

["Excellent! bravo!" said Jack; "they'll see at once the author is a gentleman and a scholar; and now go on."]

The crimson and gold drawing-room of Lorrington Castle was filled with company, the court-yard crowded with carriages, and the coachmen and footmen in gorgeous liveries, with a splendid white satin favour at the side of their hats. The view from the window—

["Stop," said Jack Stuart, "here's a better description. I cut it out of the *Times*"—]

The view from the window involved a spacious assemblage of all the numerous beauties and illustrations that cast a magnificent air of grandeur over one of

ENGLAND'S NOBLEST MANSIONS.

The extensive shrubberies clothed the verdant meads, and threw a shade of deep green tints over an

EXTENSIVE ARTIFICIAL LAKE,

on which floated, like a nymph or naiad, a beautiful

SAILING BOAT,

painted bright green, and fit for instant use. Further off, in one of those indistinct distances immortalized by the pencil of Turner, —now softened into sober beauty by “the autumnal hue, the sear and yellow leaf,” as an immortal bard expresses it, in language which the present writer does not imitate, and could not, without great difficulty, excel, was an

IMMENSE DAIRY FARM,

fit for the accommodation of

THIRTY MILK COWS,

of a peculiar breed, highly approved of by the

RIGHT HONORABLE THE EARL OF SPENCER.

In other portions of the landscape rose statues which might have raised the envy of

PRAXITELES, THE GRECIAN SCULPTOR,

or attracted the love of the beautiful “Maid of France,” who “sighed her soul away” in presence of

THE APOLLO BELVIDERE,

a figure, in the words of a living author,

“Too fair to worship, too divine to love.”

The drawing-room of the mansion was of the amplest size, and contained some of the finest specimens of the taste and workmanship of

JACKSON AND GRAHAM,

enumerating Or-molu tables—escritoires—rosewood chairs richly inlaid—richly coloured

AXMINSTER CARPET,

and sofas covered with figured satin.

[“That will do,” said Jack. “Now go on with the book.”]

But while the company were engaged in detached groups, waiting the signal for proceeding into the great hall, where the ceremony was to be performed by special license, Lord Berville sent a message to the Countess, that he wished to say a few words to Lady Alice, in the library, before the commencement of the ceremony that was to make him the happiest of men. He waited impatiently, and in a few minutes the bride appeared, radiant in joy and beauty. She started, when she saw seated beside him a beautiful young woman, plainly but richly drest. They rose when Lady Alice appeared.

“Dearest Alice,” said Berville, “I have told you that there was a person in this neighbourhood to whom my gratitude was unbounded, and who, I hope, has now an equal claim on yours, for she is the saviour of my life.”

“Indeed?”

“Let it be a secret between us three,” continued Berville; “but you agree with me, my friend,” he said, turning to the stranger, “that there should be no reserve between a man and his wife. I told you, Alice, when we were at Rome, the story of an adventure I had on Barnley Wold, and of the heroic conduct of a young girl. In this lady you see her. She is now the wife of the vicar of my parish, and I trust will be a friend of both of us.”

Lady Alice threw her arms round Janet’s neck, and said, “I know it all; we shall be friends; and nothing makes one so happy as to know we shall be so near each other.”

“Ah, madam, you know not how deeply I am indebted to his lordship’s mother, for all her kindness; or how overpaid all my services are by the happiness of this moment.”

“And now, having made you thus acquainted, I must ask you, my kind friend, to hurry Lady Alice to the great hall, where your husband, I trust, is waiting to tie the indissoluble band.”

A joyous shout from the tenants assembled in the outer court, who became impatient for the appearance of the happy pair, gave evidence of the near approach of the happy moment, and Janet and Lady Alice hurried from the room. Lord Berville rang the bell. His servant appeared, being no other than our old acquaintance George, now softened by a year’s sojourn in a foreign land.

“George,” said Lord Berville, “no one in the earth knows your position; from this hour, therefore, you cease to be my servant, and are the steward of my Lincolnshire estate. Your uncle’s fate is unknown?”

“His fate is known, my lord, that he died by his own hand in the hut on Barnley Wold; but his crimes are undiscovered.”

“Be it so; let them be alluded to between us no more. Your cousin Janet is the happy wife of my friend and chaplain; and I am delighted to show my appreciation of her nobleness and purity, by all the kindness I can bestow on her relations. Go down to Lincolnshire, Mr. Andrews,” said his lordship, shaking hands with George, “and when you are installed in the mansion-house, write to me; and now, farewell.”

It is difficult to say whose heart was most filled with joy on this eventful day. Lady Matilda, now happily married to Lord Meri-

lands of the Guards, and the lovely Lady Mary Rosley, (shortly to be united to the young Earl of Gallowdale,) were pleased at the happiness of their friends; and certainly no prayer seemed to be more likely to receive its accomplishment than that which was poured forth, amid the ringing of bells and the pealing of cannon, for the health and prosperity of Lord and Lady Berville.

Jack Stuart sat, with his eyes turned up to the ceiling, as if he were listening to the music of the spheres.

"The best novel I have ever read!" he exclaimed; "and now, all I have got to do is to get it copied fairly out, dedicate it to Lord William Lennox or Mr. Henry Bulwer, and get my five or six hundred guineas. It is a capital thing to lose on the Derby; for unless I had been drawn for the hundred and fifty, I don't think the dovetail novel would ever have come into my head."



From the New Monthly Magazine.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

BY MRS. ABELL, (LATE MISS ELIZA BALCOMBE.)

DURING THE TIME SPENT BY HIM IN HER FATHER'S HOUSE AT ST. HELENA.

PREFACE.

THE writer of the following pages trusts that she will not be thought presumptuous in presenting them to the public. Thrown at an early age into the society of Napoleon, she considers it as an almost sacred duty, to communicate any fact or impression, which, uninteresting in itself, may still be worth recording as relating to him, and as serving to elucidate his character.

Could these recollections of the emperor have been published without her name being appended to them, they would long ago have appeared; but feeling that their sole merit consisted in their being faithful records of him; and that if produced anonymously there would be no guarantee for their truth: and being at the same time reluctant to publicity, and unequal to the task of authorship, they have been postponed, and perhaps would have been still longer delayed, but for the pressure of calamitous circumstances, which forces her to hesitate no longer, but with all their imperfections on their head, to send them at once into the world.

The authoress may compare her feelings on casting her little vessel on the waters to those of Shelley, when on exhausting his whole stock of paper, he twisted a bank-note into the shape of a little boat, and then committing it to the stream, waited on the other side for its arrival with intense anxiety. Her ship-building powers she fears are as feeble—her materials as frail: but she has seen the little paper nautilus floating with impunity and confidence on the bosom of that mighty ocean which has engulfed many a noble vessel: accepting the augury, she intrusts her tiny bark to the waves of public opinion; not with confidence, however, but with fear and trembling, yet mingled with a gleam of hope that it may reach its haven, if favoured by propitious skies and friendly breezes.

The writer must crave indulgence for the frequent mention of herself during the narrative. The nature of the subject renders this unavoidable.

E. L. A.

My object in the following memoir is to confine myself as far as possible to what concerns Napoleon personally. I have many reminiscences, (unconnected with him, of those happy days of my childhood,) but I feel that they would be uninteresting to the public, and I have carefully excluded all but that in which the emperor took a personal share.

A slight description, however, of the localities connected with him, will not be considered a deviation from this resolution on my part, and I may, perhaps, commence this slight memoir of Napoleon most properly by a few words upon the general aspect of St. Helena, and the impression conveyed by it on first approaching its shores.

The appearance of St. Helena, on viewing it from the sea, is different from any land I ever saw, and certainly but little calculated to make one fall in love with it at first sight. The rock rising abruptly from the ocean with its oblong shape and perpendicular sides, suggests to one's mind, more the idea of a huge dark-coloured ark lying at anchor, floating on the bosom of the Atlantic, than of a land intended for the habitation and support of living beings.

Nor on a nearer acquaintance does its character become more amiable. If a vessel approach it during the night, the effect on coming on deck in the morning is most peculiar, and at first almost even alarming.

From the great depth of water, ships are able to go very close into the land, and the eye long accustomed to the expanse of sea and atmosphere, is suddenly startled by coming almost as it seems in contact with the dark, threatening rock, towering hundreds of feet into the air, far above the masts of the tallest vessel. I was quite a child at the time of my first visit, and my terrors were increased by being told that one "giant-snouted crag," which bore some resemblance to the head of a negro, was to eat me up first when the breakfast-bell struck, and then the rest of the passengers and crew.

I rushed instantly below, and hiding my face in my mother's lap, I tremblingly announced our fate, and was with difficulty soothed by her assurances of safety and protection. But I did not venture from under her wing until the dreaded "eight bells" had sounded, and the appearance of breakfast announced better things in store for us.*

On rounding Munden's battery, James Town breaks upon the view. It is singular and striking, and quite in harmony with the rest of the peculiar scenery of St. Helena. The houses are all built at the bottom of a wide ravine, which looks as if it had been caused by some convulsion of nature: or, as if the rock, tired of its solitary life and isolated situation in the midst of the Atlantic, had given a great yawn and could not shut its mouth again.

The buildings are confined entirely to the bottom of this cleft or chasm, as its sides are too precipitous to allow of houses being built up them.

The position of the town renders it suffocatingly hot in summer. The cool sea-breeze so delicious in most tropical climates, is almost excluded by the situation of the valley, as the inhabitants call James Town, and for nine months in the year the heat is almost unendurable.

We were fortunate enough to reside out of town; my father possessing a beautiful little cottage about a mile and a quarter from

* I think that the heart of even Napoleon, when he first surveyed his future abode, must have sunk within him: and as he passed into the anchorage, the galleries on either side bristling with cannon, and frowning down upon him the despairing inscription which the beautiful language of his infancy must have rendered familiar to him, might seem also to have been inscribed upon the gloomy rock of St. Helena.

Lasciate ogni 'speranza
Voi ch' entrate

the valley, called the Briars: a spot which merits a slight description, both from its own beauty, and from having been the residence of Napoleon during the first three months of his exile in St. Helena.

The way to the Briars winds out of the town by roads cut in the side of the mountain. I cannot say I saw much of this road, or the surrounding scenery on my first journey to our distant abode. I was put into a basket and carried on a negro's head, who trudged away with me very merrily, singing some joyous air. Occasionally he put me down to rest, and grinning from ear to ear, asked me if I felt comfortable in my little nest. I was rather frightened, as this was the first time I had seen a black man, but I soon became reconciled to him, and we became great friends.

He told me he generally carried vegetables into the valley, and appeared highly honoured and proud of a living burden being confided to his care. I was soon deposited in safety at the door of the Briars, and bid adieu to my sable bearer, who went away quite delighted with some little present my father gave him for making himself so amiable to me.

Our cottage was built in the style of the Bungalows in India. It was very low, all the rooms being on one floor; and but for its situation, it would not have been thought pretty. But its situation made it a perfect little paradise, surrounded by barren mountains, it looked an Eden blooming in the midst of desolation.

A beautiful avenue of banyan-trees led up to it, and on each side it was flanked by the evergreen and gigantic lacos, interspersed with pomegranate and myrtle, and a profusion of large white roses, more resembling our sweetbriar, from which, indeed, the place derived its name.

A walk shaded by pomegranate-trees, thirty or forty feet in height, conducted to the garden. I must plead the same excuse for devoting a few lines to the garden that I have for the cottage—that it was lovely in itself, and the favourite retreat of the emperor.

It would require the pen of a Scott, or the pencil of a Claude, to do any thing like justice to its beauty.

I often wander in my dreams through its myrtle-groves; and the orange-trees with their bright green leaves, delicious blossoms, and golden fruit, seem again before me as

they were in my blessed days of childhood. Every description of tropical fruit flourished here luxuriantly.*

Various species of vine, citron, orange, fig, shadoc, guava, mango, all in endless profusion. Nature, as if jealous of the beauty of this enchanting spot, had surrounded it on every side with impenetrable barriers. On the east, to speak geographically, it was bounded by a precipice so steep, as to render all approach impracticable. The dark frowning mountain called Peak Hill, rendered it inaccessible from the south. To the westward, it was protected by a steep declivity, and opposite was a cataract, which was in itself a picturesque and striking object. I forget its exact height, but its roar was very imposing to me, and the volume of water must have been considerable.

In that hot climate it was a delightful next-door neighbour. In the most sultry day one could hardly feel the heat oppressive when gazing on its cool and sparkling waters. On the side nearest the cottage, the defences of the garden were completed by an aloe and prickly-pear hedge, through which no living thing could penetrate.

We had been living for years in this romantic and secluded glen, when our little "isle was suddenly *frighted from its propriety*," by hearing that Napoleon Buonaparte was to be confined there as a prisoner of state.

The garden at the Briars, like the bright dreams and hopes of my own early youth, is now withered and destroyed. It was sold to the East India Company, and was rooted up and planted with mulberry trees.

It became "food for worms."

If I may be guilty of a conceit on, to me, a melancholy subject. I believe the speculation was unsuccessful.

It was in October, 1815, that this news first burst upon us. We heard one morning an alarm-gun fired from Ladder Hill, which was the signal of a vessel being in sight of the island.

The same evening two naval officers arrived at the Briars, one of whom was announced as Captain D——, commanding the *Icarus* man-of-war. He requested to see my father, having intelligence of importance to communicate to him.

On being conducted to him, he informed him that Napoleon Buonaparte was on board the *Northumberland*, under the command of Sir George Cockburn, and within a few days' sail of the island. The news of his escape from Elba, and the subsequent eventful campaign, had of course not reached us: and I remember well how amazed and incredulous they all seemed at the information. Captain D—— was obliged more than once to assure them of the correctness of his statement.

My own feelings at the intelligence was excessive terror, and an undefined conviction that something awful would happen to us all; though of what nature I hardly knew. I glanced eagerly at my father, and seeing his countenance calm, I became more composed, but still I listened to every word of Captain D——'s detail, as if my fate depended on what he was telling us.

The earliest idea I had of Napoleon, was that of a huge ogre or giant, with one large flaming red eye in the middle of his forehead, and long teeth protruding from his mouth, with which he tore to pieces and devoured naughty little girls, especially those who did not know their lessons.

I had rather grown out of this first opinion of Napoleon; but if less childish, my terror of him was still hardly diminished.

The name of Buonaparte was still associated in my mind with every thing that was bad and horrible. I had heard the most atrocious crimes imputed to him, and if I had learned to consider him as a human being, I yet still believed him to be the worst that had ever existed.

Nor was I singular in these feelings; they were participated in by many much older and wiser than myself; I might say, perhaps, by a majority of the English nation. Most of the newspapers of the day described him as a demon, and all those of his own country who lived in England were of course his bitter enemies. And from these two sources we formed our opinion of him.

It was not, therefore, without uneasiness that I saw my father depart, a day or two afterwards, to go on board the vessels which had just cast anchor in the bay.

The fleet consisted of the *Northumberland*, commanded by Sir George Cockburn, to whose care Napoleon had been confided, the *Havannah*, Captain Hamilton, and several other men-of-war, together with transports containing the 53d regiment. We remained many hours in great anxiety.

* The produce of this garden alone, which the family could not consume, brought annually from £500 to £600.

At last my father returned from his visit in safety, and we rushed out to question him as to what had happened.

"Well, papa, have you seen him?" for we thought of no one but Napoleon.

He told us he had not seen the emperor, but had paid his respects to Sir G. Cockburn, and had been introduced to Madame Bertrand, Madame Montholon, and the rest of Napoleon's *suite*. He added that General Buonaparte would land in the evening, and was to remain for the present at the house of a Mr. Porteus, until Longwood, which was intended for his ultimate residence, should be ready for him. *

We were so eager to see the illustrious exile, that we determined to go in the evening to the valley to witness his disembarkation.

It was nearly dark when we arrived at the landing-place, and shortly after a boat from the Northumberland approached, and we saw a figure step from it on the shore, which we were told was the emperor; but it was too dark to distinguish his features. He walked up the lines between the admiral and General Bertrand, and enveloped as he was in a surtout, I could see little but the occasional gleam of a diamond star which he wore on his heart.

The whole population of St. Helena had crowded to see him, and one could hardly believe it contained so many inhabitants. The pressure became so great that it was with difficulty way could be made for him, and the sentries were at last ordered to stand with fixed bayonets at the entrance from the lines to the town, and prevent the multitude from pouring in.

Napoleon was excessively provoked at the eagerness of the crowd to get a peep at him, more particularly as he was received in silence though with respect. I heard him afterwards say how much he had been annoyed at being followed and stared at, "*comme un bête feroce*."

We returned to the Briars that night to talk and dream of Napoleon.

The next morning we observed a large cavalcade moving along the path which wound round the mountain at the base of which our dear little cottage was lying, almost hidden in its nest of leaves. The effect of the party was very picturesque.

It consisted of five horsemen, and we watched them with great interest, as, following the windings of the path, they now gleam-

ed in the sun's rays, and were thrown into brilliant relief by the dark back ground behind, and then disappearing, we gazed earnestly, until from some turn in the road they flashed again upon us. Sometimes we only saw a single white plume, or the glint of a weapon in the sun.

To my already excited fancy it suggested the idea of an enormous serpent, with burnished scales, occasionally showing himself as he crawled to our little abode.

We were still doubtful whether Napoleon was of the party. We had already learnt to look for the gray surtout and small cocked hat, but no figure in that dress could be distinguished, though our spy-glass was in anxious requisition. Every one thought he would be best able to discover him. At last one of the party exclaimed,

"I see a figure with a small cocked hat, but no great coat;" and then we were at last certain that it was the emperor. We concluded he was on his way to Longwood to look at his future residence.

About two o'clock on that day Mr. O'Meara and Dr. Warden called on us, and were overwhelmed with all kind of questions about Buonaparte, his manners, appearance, &c. &c. They described him as most agreeable and pleasing, and assured us we should be delighted with him. But all their persuasions were thrown away upon me; I could think of him only with fear and trembling. When leaving us they again repeated that our opinion of Napoleon would entirely change when we had seen and conversed with him.

At four o'clock in the evening the same horsemen that we had seen in the morning, again appeared on their return from Longwood. As soon as they reached the head of the narrow pass which led down to the Briars, they halted, and after apparently a short deliberation I saw them with terror begin to descend the mountain, and approach our cottage.

I recollect feeling so dreadfully frightened, that I wished to run and hide myself until they were gone; but mamma desired me to stay, and to remember and speak French as well as I could. I had learned that language during a visit my father had paid to England some years before, and as we had a French servant, I had not lost what I had then acquired.

The party arrived at the gate, and there being no carriage-road, they all dismounted

excepting the emperor, who was now fully visible. He retained his seat, and rode up the avenue, his horse's feet cutting up the turf on our pretty lawn. Sir George Cockburn walked on one side of his horse, General Bertrand on the other.

How vividly I recollect my feelings of terror mingled with admiration, as I now first looked upon him whom I had learned to dread so much.

His appearance on horseback was noble and imposing. The animal he rode was a superb one; his colour jet black: and as he proudly stepped up the avenue, arching his neck and champing his bitt, I thought he looked worthy to be the bearer of him who was once the ruler of nearly the whole European world!

Napoleon's position on horseback, by adding height to his figure, supplied all that was wanting to make me think him the most majestic person I had ever seen. His dress was green, and covered with orders, and his saddle and housings crimson velvet, richly embroidered with gold. He alighted at our house, and we all moved to the entrance to receive him. Sir George Cockburn introduced us to him. On a nearer approach, Napoleon, contrasting as his shorter figure did with the noble height and aristocratic bearing of Sir George Cockburn, lost something of the dignity which had so much struck me on first seeing him. He was dead-ly pale, and I thought his features, though cold and immovable, and somewhat stern, were very beautiful. He seated himself on one of our cottage chairs, and after scanning our little apartment with his eagle glance, he complimented mamma on the pretty situation of the Briars. When once he began to speak, his fascinating smile and kind manner removed every vestige of the fear with which I had regarded him. While he was talking to mamma I had an opportunity of scrutinizing his features, which I did with the keenest interest: and certainly I have never seen any one with so remarkable and striking a physiognomy. The portraits of him give a good general idea of his features, but his smile, and the expression of his eye, could not be transmitted to canvass, and these constituted Napoleon's chief charm. His hair was dark brown, and as fine and silky as a child's; rather too much so indeed for a man, as it caused it to look thin. His teeth were even but rather dark, and I afterwards found that this arose from his constant habit of eat-

ing liquorice, of which he always kept a supply in his waistcoat-pocket.

The emperor appeared much pleased with the Briars, and expressed a wish to remain there. My father had offered Sir George Cockburn apartments at the cottage, and he immediately assured us of his willingness to resign them to General Buonaparte, as the situation appeared to please him so much, and it was arranged, much apparently to Napoleon's satisfaction, that he should be our guest until his residence at Longwood was fit to receive him.

Our family, at the time of the emperor's arrival, consisted of my father, and mother, my elder sister, myself, and my two brothers, who were quite children.

Napoleon determined on not going down to the town again, and wished his rooms to be got ready for him immediately. Some chairs were then brought out at his request upon the lawn, and seating himself on one, he desired me to take another, which I did with a beating heart. He then said,

"You speak French?"

I replied that I did, and he asked me who had taught me. I informed him, and he put several questions to me about my studies, and more particularly concerning geography. He inquired the capitals of the different countries of Europe.

"What is the capital of France?"

"Paris."

"Of Italy?"

"Rome."

"Of Russia?"

"Petersburg now," I replied; "Moscow formerly."

On my saying this, he turned abruptly round, and fixing his piercing eyes full on my face, he demanded sternly,

"Qui l'a brûlé?"

On seeing the expression of his eye, and hearing his changed voice, all my former terror of him returned, and I could not utter a syllable. I had often heard the burning of Moscow talked of, and had been present at discussions as to whether the French or Russians were the authors of that dreadful conflagration, and I feared to offend him by alluding to it.

He repeated the question, and I stammered, "I do not know, sir."

"Oui, oui," he replied, laughing violently; "vous savez très bien, c'est moi qui l'a brûlé."

On seeing him laugh, I gained a little courage, and said,

"I believe, sir, the Russians burnt it to get rid of the French."

He again laughed, and seemed pleased to find that I knew any thing about the matter.

The arrangements made for him were necessarily most hurried, and while we were endeavouring to complete them in the way we thought most likely to contribute to his comfort, he amused himself by walking about the grounds and garden. In the evening he came into the house; and as my father and mother spoke French with difficulty, that language being much less studied in England then, than it is at present, he addressed himself again to me, and asked me whether I liked music, adding,

"You are too young to play yourself."

I felt rather piqued at this, and told him I could both sing and play. He then asked me to sing, and I sang, as well as I could, the Scotch song, "Ye Banks and Braes." When I had finished, he said it was the prettiest English air he had ever heard.

I replied it was a Scottish ballad, not English; and he remarked he thought it too pretty to be English.

"Their music is vile—the worst in the world."

He then inquired if I knew any French songs, and among others, "Vive Henri Quatre."

I said I did not.

He began to hum the air, became abstracted, and leaving his seat, marched round the room, keeping time to the song he was singing. When he had done, he asked me what I thought of it; and I told him I did not like it at all, for I could not make out the air.

In fact, Napoleon's voice was most unmusical, nor do I think he had any ear for music; for neither on this occasion, nor in any of his subsequent attempts at singing, could I ever discover what tune it was he was executing.

He was, nevertheless, a good judge of music, (if an English woman may say so after his sweeping denunciations of our claims to that science,) probably from having constantly listened to the best performers. He expressed a great dislike to French music, which he said was almost as bad as the English; and that the Italians were the only people who could produce an opera.

A lady, a friend of ours, who frequently visited us at the Briars, was extremely fond of Italian singing, which "she loved, indeed, not wisely, but too well;" for her own at-

tempts in the *bravura* style were the most absurd burlesque imaginable.

Napoleon, however, constantly asked her to sing, and even listened with great politeness; but when she was gone, he often desired me to imitate her singing, which I did as nearly as I could, and it seemed to amuse him. He used to shut his eyes, and pretend he thought it was Mrs. —, "our departed friend;" and then pay me gravely the same compliments he would have done to her.

The emperor retired for the night shortly after my little attempt to amuse him, and so terminated his first day at the Briars.

It is not, however, in my power to give a detailed account of the events of each day the emperor spent with us.

I shall never cease regretting that I did not keep a journal of all that occurred; but I was too young and too thoughtless to see the advantage of doing so. Besides, I trusted to a naturally most retentive memory, thinking it would enable me at any time to recall the minutest incident concerning Napoleon. In this I have deceived myself. My life has been a chequered and melancholy one; and many of its incidents have been of a nature to absorb my mind, and abstract my attention from every thing but the consideration of present misery. This continued for a length of time, has erased things from my memory which I thought I never could have forgotten, but of which I now retain nothing but the consciousness that they took place, and the regret that I am unable to record them.

Many of the circumstances I am about to relate, however, I did write down shortly after they occurred, and the others have been kept fresh in my memory by being repeated to friends; so that the reader of my little volume may depend on the absolute truth and fidelity of my narrative,—a consideration, indeed, to which I have thought it right to sacrifice many others.

I do not, then, profess to give a journal of what Napoleon daily said and did at the Briars; but the occurrences I do relate, I have inserted as nearly as possible in the order in which they took place.

The emperor's habits during the time he stayed with us, were very simple and regular; his usual hour for getting up was eight, and he seldom took any thing but a cup of coffee until one, when he breakfasted, or rather lunched; he dined at eight, and retired at about eleven to his own rooms. His man-

ner was so unaffectedly kind and amiable, that in a few days I felt perfectly at ease in his society, and looked upon him more as a companion of my own age, than as the mighty warrior, at whose name "the world grew pale." His spirits were very good, and he was at times almost boyish in his love of mirth and glee, not unmixed sometimes with a tinge of malice.

Shortly after his arrival, a little girl, Miss Legg, the daughter of a friend, came to visit us at the Briars. The poor child had heard such terrific stories of Buonaparte, that when I told her he was coming up the lawn, she clung to me in an agony of terror. Forgetting my own former fears, I was cruel enough to run out and tell Napoleon of the child's fright, begging him to come into the house. He walked up to her, and brushing up his hair with his hand, shook his head, making horrible faces, and giving a sort of savage howl.

The little girl screamed so violently, that mamma was afraid she would go into hysterics, and took her out of the room.

Napoleon laughed a good deal at the idea of his being such a bugbear, and would hardly believe me when I told him that I had stood in the same terror of him. When I made this confession, he tried to frighten me as he had poor little Miss Legg, by brushing up his hair and distorting his features; but he looked more grotesque than horrible, and I only laughed at him. He then, as a last resource, tried the howl, but was equally unsuccessful, and seemed, I thought, a little provoked that he could not frighten me. He said the howl was Cossack, and it certainly was barbarous enough for any thing.

He took a good deal of exercise at this period, and was fond of taking exploring walks in the valley and adjacent mountain. One evening he strolled out, accompanied by General Gourgaud, my sister, and myself, into a meadow in which some cows were grazing. One of these, the moment she saw our party, put her head down, and (I believe) her tail up, and advanced *à pas de charge* against the emperor. He made a skilful and rapid retreat, and leaping nimbly over a wall, placed this rampart between himself and the enemy. But General Gourgaud valiantly stood his ground, and drawing his sword, threw himself between his sovereign and the cow, exclaiming,

"This is the second time I have saved the emperor's life."

Napoleon laughed heartily when he heard the general's boast, and said,

"He ought to have put himself in the position to repel cavalry."

I told him the cow appeared tranquillized, and stopped the moment he disappeared; and he continued to laugh, and said,

"She wished to save the English government the expense and trouble of keeping him."

The emperor during his residence under my father's roof, occupied only one room and a marquee. The room was one my father had built for a ball-room. There was a small lawn in front, railed round, and in this railing the marquee was pitched, connected with the house by a covered way. The marquee was divided into two compartments, the inner one forming Napoleon's bedroom, and at one extremity of the external compartment, there was a small tent-bed, with green silk hangings, on which General Gourgaud slept. It was the bedstead used by the emperor in all his campaigns. Between the two divisions of the tent was a crown, which his devoted servants had carved out of the turf-floor, and it was so placed that the emperor could not pass through without placing his foot on this emblem of regal dignity.

Napoleon seemed to have no *penchant* for the pleasures of the table. He lived very simply, and cared little or nothing about what he ate. He dined at nine, and at that hour Cipriani, the *maitre d'hôtel*, made his appearance, and with a profound reverence said in a solemn tone, "*Le diner de votre majesté est servi.*"

He then retreated backwards, followed by Napoleon and those of his suite who were to dine with him.

When he had finished he would abruptly push away his chair from the table, and quit the dining-room, apparently glad it was over. A few days after his arrival, he invited my sister and myself to dine with him, and began quizzing the English for their fondness for rosbif and plum-pudding.

I accused the French in return of living on frogs, and running into the house I brought him a caricature of a long lean Frenchman, with his mouth open, his tongue out, and a frog on the tip of it, ready to jump down his throat; underneath was written—"A Frenchman's Dinner."

He laughed at my impertinence, and pinched my ear as he often did when amused, and

sometimes when a little provoked at my *espièglerie*.

Le petit Las Cases, as he called Count Las Cases's son, formed one of the party on that day; he was then a lad of fourteen, and the emperor was fond of quizzing me about him, and telling me I should be his wife. Nothing enraged me so much: I could not bear to be considered such a child, and particularly at that moment, for there was a ball in prospect to which I had great hopes of papa allowing me to go, and I knew that his objection would be founded on my being too young.

Napoleon seeing my annoyance, desired young Las Cases to kiss me, and he held both my hands whilst the little page saluted me. I did all in my power to escape, but in vain. The moment my hands were at liberty I boxed le petit Las Cases' ears most thoroughly. But I determined to be revenged on Napoleon; and in descending to the cottage to play whist, an opportunity presented itself, which I did not allow to escape.

There was no internal communication between the part occupied by the emperor and the rest of the house, and the path leading down was very steep and very narrow, there being barely room for one person to pass at a time. Napoleon walked first, Las Cases next, then his son, and lastly my sister Jane.

I allowed the party to proceed very quietly until I was left about ten yards behind; and then I ran with all my force on my sister Jane. She fell with extended hands on the little page; he was thrown upon his father, and the grand chamberlain, to his dismay, was pushed against the emperor; who, although the shock was somewhat diluted by the time it reached him, had still some difficulty, from the steepness of the path, in preserving his footing.

I was in extacies at the confusion I had created, and exulted in the revenge I had taken for the kiss; but I was soon obliged to change my note of triumph.

Las Cases was thunderstruck at the insult offered to the emperor, and became perfectly furious at my uncontrollable laughter. He seized me by the shoulders, and pushed me violently on the rocky bank.

It was now my turn to be enraged. I burst into tears of passion, and turning to Napoleon, cried out,

"Oh, sir, he has hurt me."

"Never mind," replied the emperor. "Ne

pleurs pas—I will hold him while you punish him."

And a good punishing he got; I boxed the little man's ears until he begged for mercy; but I would show him none, and at length Napoleon let him go, telling him to run, and if he could not run faster than me, he deserved to be beaten again.

He immediately started off as fast as he could, and I after him, Napoleon clapping his hands and laughing immoderately at our race round the lawn.

Las Cases never liked me after this adventure, and used to call me a rude hoyden.

I never met any one who bore these kind of things so well as Napoleon. He seemed to enter into every sort of mirth or fun with the glee of a child, and though I have often tried his patience severely, I never knew him to lose his temper, or fall back upon his rank or age, to shield himself from the consequences of his own familiarity and indulgence to me. I looked upon him indeed, when with him, almost as a brother or companion of my own age, and all the cautions I received, and my own resolutions to treat him with more respect and formality were put to flight the moment I came within the influence of his arch smile and laugh.

If I approached him more gravely than usual, and with a more sedate step and subdued tone, he would, perhaps, begin by saying,

"Eh bien, qu'as tu, Mademoiselle Betsee? Has le petit Las Cases proved inconstant? If he has, bring him to me;" or some other playful speech, which either pleased or teased me, and made me at once forget all my previous determinations to behave prettily.

My brothers were at this time quite children, and Napoleon used to allow them to sit on his knee, and amuse themselves by playing with his orders, &c. More than once he has desired me to cut them off to please them.

One day Alexander took up a pack of cards, on which was the usual figure of the Great Mogul. The child held it up to Napoleon, saying,

"See, Bony, this is you."

He did not understand what my brother meant by calling him Bony.

I explained that it was an abbreviation—the short for Buonaparte; but Las Cases interpreted the word literally and said it meant a bony person.

Napoleon laughed and said, "Je ne suis

pas osseux," which he certainly never could have been, even in his thinnest days.

His hand was the fattest and prettiest in the world; his knuckles dimpled like those of a baby, his fingers taper and beautifully formed, and his nails perfect.

I have often admired its symmetry, and once told him it did not look large and strong enough to wield a sword. This led to the subject of swords; and one of the emperor's suite who was present, drew his sabre from its scabbard, and pointing to some stains on the blade, said that it was the blood of Englishmen. The emperor desired him to sheathe it, telling him it was bad taste to boast, particularly before ladies.

Napoleon then produced from a richly embossed case, the most magnificent sword I ever beheld. The sheath was composed of one entire piece of most splendidly marked tortoise-shell, thickly studded with gold bees. The handle, not unlike a fleur-de-lys in shape, was of exquisitely wrought gold. It was indeed the most costly and elegant weapon I had ever seen.

I requested Napoleon to allow me to examine it more closely; and then a circumstance which had occurred in the morning in which I had been much piqued at the emperor's conduct, flashed across me. The temptation was irresistible, and I determined to punish him for what he had done.

I drew the blade out quickly from the scabbard, and began to flourish it over his head, making passes at him, the emperor retreating, until at last I fairly pinned him up in the corner. I kept telling him all the time, that he had better say his prayers, for I was going to kill him. My exulting cries at last brought my sister to Napoleon's assistance. She scolded me violently, and said she would inform my father if I did not instantly desist. But I only laughed at her, and maintained my post, keeping the emperor at bay until my arm dropped from sheer exhaustion.

I can fancy I see the figure of the Grand Chamberlain now, with his spare form and parchment visage, glowing with fear for the emperor's safety, and indignation at the insult I was offering him. He looked as if he could have annihilated me on the spot; but he had felt the weight of my hand before on his ears, and prudence dictated to him to let me alone.

When I resigned my sword, Napoleon took hold of my ear, which had been bored only the day before, and pinched it, giving

me great pain. I called out, and he then took hold of my nose, which he pulled heartily, but quite in fun. His goodhumour never left him during the whole scene.

The following was the circumstance which had excited my ire in the morning. My father was very strict in enforcing our doing a French translation every day, and Napoleon would often condescend to look over them and correct their faults. One morning I felt more than usually averse to performing this task, and when Napoleon arrived at the cottage, and asked whether the translation was ready for him, I had not even begun it.

When he saw this, he took up the paper and walked down the lawn with it to my father, who was preparing to mount his horse to ride to the valley, exclaiming as he approached,

"Balcomb—voilà le thème de Mademoiselle Betsee. Qu'elle a bien travaillé;" holding up at the same time the blank sheet of paper.

My father comprehended imperfectly, but saw by the sheet of paper, and my name being mentioned by the laughing emperor, that he wished me to be scolded, and entering into the plot, he pretended to be very angry, and threatened if I did not finish my translation before he returned to dinner, I should be severely punished. He then rode off, and Napoleon left me, laughing at my sullen and mortified air. And it was the recollection of this which made me try and frighten him with the sword.

The emperor in the course of the evening desired a quantity of bijouterie to be brought down to amuse us, and amongst other things the miniatures of the young King of Rome. He seemed gratified and delighted when we expressed our admiration of them. He possessed a great many portraits of young Napoleon. One of them represented him sleeping in his cradle, which was in the form of a helmet of Mars; the banner of France waved over his head, and his tiny right-hand supported a small globe.

I asked the meaning of these emblems, and Napoleon said he was to be a great warrior, and the globe in his hand signified he was to rule the world. Another miniature on a snuffbox, represented the little fellow on his knees before a crucifix, his hands clasped, and his eyes raised to Heaven. Underneath were these words:

"Je prie le bon Dieu pour mon père, ma mère, et ma patrie."

It was an exquisite thing.

Another portrayed him with two lambs, on one of which he is riding, and the other he is decking out with ribbons. The emperor told us these lambs were presented to his son by the inhabitants of Paris—an unwarlike emblem, and perhaps intended as a delicate hint to the emperor to make him a more peaceable citizen than his papa.

The paschal lamb, however, is, I believe, the badge on the colours of a distinguished English regiment, and perhaps may be intended to remind the soldier that gentleness and mercy are not inconsistent with the fiercer and more lionlike attributes of his profession.

We next saw another drawing, in which the Empress Maria Louise and her son were represented, surrounded by a sort of halo of roses and clouds, which I did not admire quite so much as some of the others.

Napoleon then said he was going to show us the portrait of the most beautiful woman in the world, and produced an exquisite miniature of his sister Pauline. Certainly I never saw any thing so perfectly lovely. I could not keep my eyes from it, and told him how enchanted I was with it. He seemed pleased with my praises, and said it was a proof of taste, for she was perhaps one of the most lovely women that ever existed.

The emperor usually played cards every evening, and when we were tired of looking at the miniatures, &c., he said,

“Now we will go to the cottage and play whist.”

We all walked down together. Our little whist-table was soon formed, but the cards did not run smoothly, and Napoleon desired Las Cases to seat himself at a side-table, and deal them until they dealt easily.

While the Grand Chamberlain was thus employed, Napoleon asked me what my *robe de balle* was to be. I must mention that on my father's refusal to allow me to go to the ball, which was to be given by Sir George Cockburn, I had implored the emperor's intercession for me. He most kindly asked my father to let me go, and his request of course was instantly acceded to.

I now ran up stairs to bring my dress down to him. It was the first ball-dress I had ever possessed, and I was not a little proud of it.

He said it was very pretty, and the cards being now ready, I placed it on the sofa and sat down to play. Napoleon and my sister

were partners, and Las Cases fell to my lot. We had always hitherto played for sugar-plums, but to-night Napoleon said,

“Mademoiselle Betsee, I will bet you a Napoleon on the game.”

I had had a pagoda presented to me, which made up the sum of all my worldly riches, and I said I would bet him that against his Napoleon.

The emperor agreed to this, and we commenced playing. He seemed determined to terminate this day of *espèglerie* as he had begun it. Peeping under his cards as they were dealt to him, he endeavoured whenever he got an important one, to draw off my attention, and then slyly held it up for my sister to see. I soon discovered this, and calling him to order, told him he was cheating, and that if he continued to do so I would not play. At last he revoked intentionally, and at the end of the game tried to mix the cards together to prevent his being discovered; but I started up, and seizing hold of his hands, pointed out to him and the others what he had done.

He laughed until the tears ran out of his eyes, and declared he had played fair, but that I had cheated, and should pay him the *pagode*; and when I persisted that he revoked, he said I was *méchante* and a cheat; and catching up my ball-dress from off the sofa, he ran out of the room with it, and up to the pavilion, leaving me in terror lest he should crush and spoil all my pretty roses. I instantly set off in chase of him, but he was too quick, and darting through the marquee, he reached the inner-room and locked himself in.

I then commenced a series of the most pathetic remonstrances and entreaties, both in English and French, to persuade him to restore me my frock, but in vain; he was inexorable, and I had the mortification of hearing him laugh at what I thought the most touching of my appeals. I was obliged to return without it. He afterwards sent down word he intended to keep it, and that I might make up my mind not to go to the ball. I lay awake half the night, and at last cried myself to sleep, hoping he would relent in the morning; but the next day wore away, and I saw no signs of my pretty frock.

I sent several entreaties in the course of the day, but the answer was that the emperor slept, and could not be disturbed. He had given these orders to tease me.

At last the hour arrived for our departure

for the valley. The horses were brought round, and I saw the little black boys ready to start with our tin cases, without alas! my beautiful dress being in them.

I was in despair, and hesitated whether I should not go in my plain frock, rather than not go at all; when to my great joy I saw the emperor running down the lawn to the gate with my dress.

"Here, Miss Betsee, I have brought your dress, I hope you are a good girl now, and that you will like the ball; and mind that you dance with Gourgaud."

General Gourgaud was not very handsome, and I had some childish feud with him.

I was all delight in getting back my dress, and still more pleased to find my roses were not spoiled.

He said he had ordered them to be arranged, and pulled out in case any might have been crushed the night before.

Napoleon walked by the side of our horses until he came to the end of the bridle-road which led to the Briars. He then stopped and remarked on the beauty of a house which was situated in the valley beneath us, asking to whom it belonged and expressing his intention of going down to see it.

Las Cases accompanied the emperor down the side of the mountain, and we went on to the ball. He mentioned the next day how charmed he had been with the place, and that he had ridden home on a beautiful little active pony belonging to the owner, Major Hodgson.

The only exception to the emperor's habits of regularity when with us was in his hour of rising.

In the midst of our garden was a very large pond of transparent water full of gold and silver fish; and near this was the graperies formed of trellis-work, quite covered with vines of every description. At the end of the graperies was an arbour, round, and over which a treillage of grapes also clustered in the richest profusion. To this spot which was so sheltered as to be cool in the most sultry weather, Napoleon was much attached. He would sometimes convey his papers there as early as four o'clock in the morning, and employ himself until breakfast-time in writing, and when tired of his pen, in dictating to Las Cases.

No one was ever permitted to intrude upon him when there; and this little attention was ever after gratefully remembered. From

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this prohibition, however, I was exempt, at the emperor's own desire. I was considered as a privileged person; even when he was in the act of dictating a sentence to Las Cases, he would come and answer my call, "Come and unlock the garden-door;" and I was always admitted and welcomed with a smile.

I did not abuse this indulgence, and seldom intruded on him when in his retreat.

I remember, however, one day a very pretty young lady came from the valley to pass the morning with us. She was dying to see Napoleon, but the heat was very oppressive, and he had retired to his arbour to avoid it.

I hesitated for some time between the fear of disturbing him and disappointing my friend; but at last Miss C—— appeared so mortified at not seeing him, that I ran down to the garden and knocked at the door.

For a long while I received no answer, but at length by dint of thumping, and calling to the emperor, I succeeded in waking him. He had fallen asleep in the arbour over his papers.

He came up to the door, and asked me what I wanted.

I said, "Let me in, and you shall know."

He replied, "No; tell me first what it is, and then you shall come in."

I was then obliged to say I wished to introduce a young lady to him: he declined seeing her, and desired me to say he was unwell. I told him she would be dreadfully disappointed, and that she was so pretty.

"Not like the lady I was obliged to say agreeable things to yesterday?"

I assured him she was quite a different person, being very young and handsome.

At last I succeeded in getting the door opened; as soon as I found it unlocked, I ran up to the table where he had been writing, and snatched up his papers.

"Now," I said, "for your ill-nature in keeping me so long at the door, I shall keep these, and then I shall find out all your secrets."

He looked a little alarmed, when he saw the papers in my hand, and told me to put them down instantly; but I refused and set off round the garden flourishing my trophies.

At last he told me if I did not give them up, he would not be my friend; and I relinquished them.

I then took hold of the emperor's hand for fear he should escape, and led him to the

house, where we found Miss C——. I introduced her to Napoleon, and he delighted her excessively by his compliments on her beauty, &c.

When she was going away, he walked down the lawn with her and lifted her on her horse. He told me after she was gone, that she was a very pretty girl, but had the air of a *marchande des modes*.

The golden fruit in this modern garden of the Hesperides, had for its dragon an old Malay slave, named Toby, who had been captured and brought to the island as a slave many years before our arrival. The old fellow had lived in the garden forty years without once crossing its boundary. He was an original and rather interesting character. A perfect despot in his own domain, he never allowed his authority to be disputed; and the family stood almost as much in awe of him as they did of the master of the Briars himself.

Napoleon took a fancy to old Toby, and told papa he wished to purchase him and give him his freedom; but for some political reason it was not permitted.

The old man retained ever afterwards the most grateful sense of Napoleon's kindness; and was never more highly gratified than when employed in gathering the choicest fruit, and arranging the most beautiful bouquets to be sent to Longwood, "to that good man, Bony," as he called the emperor.

Napoleon made a point of inquiring, whenever I saw him, after the health of old Toby, and when he took his leave of him, he presented him with twenty Napoleons.

The emperor was very accessible while at the Briars, and knowing how much it would delight us, he seemed to wish to return any little attentions we were able to offer him by courtesy and kindness to our friends.

My father, one day during his residence with us, invited a large party, and the emperor said he would join us in the evening. He performed his promise, and delighted every one with his urbanity and condescension. When any of our guests were presented to him, he usually inquired his profession, and then turned the conversation upon some topic connected with it.

I have often heard wonder expressed at the extent of Napoleon's information on matters of which he would hardly have been expected to know much. On this occasion, a very clever medical man, after a long conversation with the emperor on the subject of his

profession, declared his astonishment to my father, at the knowledge he possessed, and the clearness and brilliancy with which he reasoned on it, though his theories were sometimes rather heterodox.

Napoleon told him he had no faith whatever in medicine, and that his own remedies were starvation and the warm bath. At the same time he professed a higher opinion of the medical, or rather the surgical profession than any other.

The practice of the law was too severe an ordeal for poor human nature, and that he who habituates himself to the distortion of truth, and to exultation at the success of injustice, will at last hardly know right from wrong. So it is, he remarked, with politics, a man must have a conventional conscience.

Of the church also (*les ecclésiastiques*) he spoke harshly, saying that too much was expected from its members, and that they became hypocrites in consequence. As to soldiers, they are cut-throats and robbers, and not the less so because they are ready to send a bullet through your head if you tell them your opinion of them. But surgeons, he said, are neither too good nor too bad. Their mission is to benefit mankind, not to destroy, mistify, or inflame them against each other, and they have opportunities of studying human nature as well as science. The emperor spoke in high terms of Larrey, who, he said, was a man of genius, and of unimpeachable integrity.*

On the emperor's first arrival in St. Helena he was fond of taking exploring walks in the valley just below our cottage. In these short walks he was unattended by the officer on guard, and he had thus the pleasure of feeling himself free from observation. The officer first appointed to exercise surveillance over him was a Captain Grateley of the artillery, and though a mild and gentlemanly person in his manners, Napoleon took an unconquerable dislike to him. It was his duty to attend him in his rides, and the orders given on these occasions were, "that he was not to lose sight of Napoleon."

The latter was one day riding along one of the mountainous bridle paths at St. Helena, with the orderly officer in attendance; suddenly the emperor turned short to his right, and spurring his horse violently, urged him up the face of the precipice, making the large

* The above conversation is from a note of my father's.

stones fly from under him down the mountain, and leaving the orderly officer aghast gazing at him, in terror for his safety and doubt as to his intentions.

He was either not well enough mounted, or his nerve was unequal to the task of following Napoleon, and giving it up at once, he rode instantly off to Sir George Cockburn, who happened at the time to be dining with my father at Briars. He arrived breathless at our house, and demanding to see Sir George, on business of the utmost importance, he was ushered at once into the dining-room.

The admiral was in the act of discussing his soup, and listened with an imperturbable countenance to the agitated detail of the occurrence. He then very quietly advised him to return to Longwood, where he would most probably find General Buonaparte. This, as he prognosticated, was the case, and Napoleon often afterwards laughed at the consternation he had created.

I have mentioned being struck with Napoleon's seat on horseback on first seeing him. He one day asked me whether I thought he rode well. I told him with the greatest truth, that I thought he looked better on horseback than any one I had ever seen. He appeared pleased, and calling for his horse he mounted, and rode several times at speed round the lawn, making the animal wheel in a very narrow circle, and showing the most complete mastery over him. One day, Achambaud, his groom, was breaking in a beautiful young Arab, which had been bought for the emperor's riding.

The colt was plunging and rearing in the most frightful manner, and could not be induced to pass a white cloth which had been purposely spread on the lawn, to break him from shying. I told Napoleon it was impossible that he could ever ride that horse, it was so vicious. He smiled, and beckoning to Achambaud, desired him to dismount, and then, to my great terror, he himself got on the animal, and soon succeeded in making him not only pass the cloth, but put his feet upon it; and then rode him over and over it several times. Achambaud, as it seemed to me, hardly knew whether to laugh or cry. He was delighted with his emperor's prowess, but mortified at his managing a horse so easily which he had been trying in vain to subdue.

Napoleon mentioned that he had once ridden a horse one hundred and twenty

miles in one day. It was to see his mother, who was dangerously ill, and there was no other means of reaching her. The poor animal died in the course of the night. He said that his own power of standing fatigue was immense, and that he could almost live in the saddle. I am afraid to say how many hours he told me he had once remained on horseback; but I remember being much surprised at his power of endurance.

His great strength of constitution was probably more instrumental than would imagine at first view, in his reaching the pinnacle of his ambition. The state of the mind is so dependant on the corporeal frame, that it is difficult to see how the kind of mental power which is necessary to success in war, or political turmoil, can exist without a corresponding strength of body, or at least of constitution.

In how many critical periods of Napoleon's life would not the illness of a week have been fatal to his future schemes of empire. How might the sternness of purpose by which he subjugated his daring compeers of the revolution have been shaken, and his giant ambition thwarted by a trivial sickness. The mind of even a Napoleon might have been prostrated, and his mighty *will* enfeebled by a few days' fever.

The successful leader of a revolution especially ought to be exempt from the evils to which flesh is heir. His very absence from the arena for a few days is enough to ruin him. Depreciating reports are spread, the prestige vanishes, and he is pushed from his stool by some more vigorous and more fortunate competitor.

From the (London) Spectator.

Narrative of a Journey from Herat to Khiva, Moscow, and St. Petersburg, during the late Invasion of Khiva; with some Account of the Court of Khiva and the Kingdom of Khaurism. By Captain James Abbott, Bengal Artillery, Author of the "Thakoorine," and lately on a Political Mission. In two volumes.

CAPTAIN ABBOTT'S mission to Khiva and subsequent adventures in the Turcuman desert, till his arrival at the Russian frontier on a further mission to the court of St. Petersburg, originated in the Russophobia which prompted the disastrous invasion of Afghan-

istan. News having reached Heraut of that Russian expedition against Khiva which quickly ended in a failure from the severity of the climate, Major Todd, our envoy at Heraut, resolved to send Captain Abbott to Khiva; whence, obtaining permission, he was to proceed to St. Petersburg. What his objects were is not stated; Captain Abbott, with diplomatic caution, suppressing his instructions: but they seem to have directed him to procure some overture from the King of Khiva to the Emperor of Russia, which we were to back, in order to induce the recall of the expedition. But the elements, stronger than diplomatists, had settled the business before our Envoy arrived at Russia.

The route Captain Abbott followed is new, and indeed almost untrodden, especially from Khiva to the Caspian. The interest of his route, however, as to scenery, is little; a monotonous desert, traversed for the greater part in spring, during the early thaws, when the ground was mud or half-melted snow, and varying in its features from a dead level to slight undulations or precipitous mountains, would soon pall in minute description. Nor, indeed, has Captain Abbott attempted it. The interest of the work lies in the adventures of the author, and his pictures of Tartarian life. From some cause or other, the ruler of Heraut was jealous of the mission, and secretly used all his means at the court of Khiva to prejudice the Khaun against it. This potentate and his people having such compendious notions of geography as to rate Europe as one nation and the English and Russians as the same people, the Sovereign of Khiva was made to believe that one section was advancing from India, the other from the Caspian, to root out the faithful from Central Asia. Having by many representations persuaded the Khaun and Ministry that an Englishman was not a Russian, undergone a theological examination touching our worship of images, &c., and, prompted by Major Todd, silenced all question on the incarnation by an answer to which an orthodox Mahometan has no rejoinder, our envoy was saved from condemnation as a spy. Growing in favour by the directness of his replies, he at last was dubbed a representative of the majesty of Khiva to the Emperor of all the Russias, with power to rectify the ostensible causes of the war. The dilatoriness of Asiatics, the intrigues of enemies, and the winter season, caused his detention, till, we fancy, the Russians had retired; but, newspapers or other mediums of

prompt communication being unknown in those regions, the "gratifying intelligence" was not received at the capital: so he started, under convoy, to share the fate of Conolly in his attempt to penetrate the Turcuman deserts. His guide handed him over to other guides; and he was then betrayed, attacked, and plundered. Rescued from death only by the conscience and humanity of a Turcuman, he was still confined a prisoner, with the daily expectation of being murdered and his suite sold for slaves; when he was providentially relieved by the arrival of a native assistant, whom Major Todd had sent after him, and was eventually enabled to reach the Russian outpost fort. Here his difficulties ceased after he escaped from the hands of the suspicious subalterns; and he travelled to St. Petersburg, and thence to England, in a civilized fashion.

Besides the interest attached to the *story* of our author's adventures, his book possesses another attraction in his sketches of Oriental characters and modes of life. He travelled in countries where, throughout whole districts, neither a tree nor a fixed habitation can be met with, and where, excepting at Khiva, the houses are none of the best. Exclusiveness, therefore, was out of the question, even had the primitive habits of the people permitted it, or a traveller who would venture himself into such a region desired it: fresh faces and characters were daily encountered, and almost new manners. Captain Abbott, moreover, is a person who sketches well; and there are frequent touches of nature in his descriptions—as in this picture of

"TURCUMAN CHILDREN.

"Early next morning, I spied my two little playfellows half venturing towards my tent, then running back, laughing, to their own, where their elder sister, the little maiden of twelve years, was encouraging them to persist, with many a nod and smile. She wore a close cloak or dress of chintz, of gay and fantastic but becoming colours. On her head was a close cap of red cloth, fringed with black lambskin. Eight plaited tresses of brown, silky hair, fell from beneath this. Her face was too full for beauty; but she had a rich colour, sparkling black eyes, and pearly teeth. The two little things now peeped shyly into my tent; I caught them, and after inflicting sundry kisses, which they endured with all bashfulness, sent them back, each with a silver coin in her tiny hand. The elder sister was delighted: she ran in

and brought the infant, whom she set astraddle of the blonde's back, and sent in this cavalier fashion to my tent.

"I now took my position outside, but still perceived the little maiden peeping at me from her tent door. The blonde, after much coaxing, took her seat at my side, and I was content. The cap this little puss wore was similar to those so often described—a close shell of red cloth, trimmed with black lamb's wool, worked with black silk braid, and tricked with small silver bells. From the borders of the cap long tassels of black silk fell down on either side, mingling with her plaited tresses of light brown hair. This head-dress is so becoming to children, that one is often disappointed on nearer approach to features that at a little distance had seemed so lovely beneath it.

"A TURCUMAN OR KUZZAUK DINNER.

"The food was now brought in, upon a dozen wooden bowls or platters, and placed before us. It consisted of boiled mutton, soured in its own soup. Bread and vegetables are things quite unknown in these parts. Kuzzauks are exclusively carnivorous. The whole party fell on like a pack of wolves: my own stomach, weakened by sight of the victim's face, was quite turned by the scene before me. Never did I see so much devoured in so brief a space. Yet I have witnessed the feats of tigers and wolves. The father and son would not partake until the guests had concluded, although I entreated them to do so. The women did not appear until chins had done wagging; but two of the senoras entered afterwards to serve out curdled milk (mahss) in large bowls. The broth of the mutton, also, was brought in and distributed; being swigged as if it had been beer. The bowls were handed to the women, who scraped them clean with their thumbs, then plunged those members into their mouths, and again into the bowls, with a rapidity truly admirable. The thumb and tongue are the only napkins in Khaurism: water is never thrown away upon either bowl or person. The Tartars are right not to eat with their women. Imagine a pretty girl, with a sheep's head in both her lily hands, tearing off the scalp, picking out the eyes by the insertion of her fore-finger, cracking them between her teeth like gooseberries, thrusting the same pretty finger in after the brain, and sucking away at the aperture. All which I saw executed by one

of the men, in a most natural and edifying manner."

The narrative of Captain Abbott's journey through Russia, his sojourn at St. Petersburg, his trip to England, and his remarks at home, have less interest than his Asiatic journey; partly because the Russian tour was performed boxed up in a carriage, but chiefly because so many persons have written upon the same themes. The plan of the author, moreover, conveys the idea of a series of articles rather than of a regular narrative: but the effects of European civilization upon Afghans, who appear never to have been at an English station, is a point of interest.

"THE NATIVES AT OORAHLSK.

"We now saw rising upon the horizon the spires of the fair town of Oorahlsk. I was unprepared for so extensive a town; still less could I have anticipated any thing so beautiful as its main street. With eyes so long accustomed to the miserable domestic architecture of the Hindoo and Moosulmaun, I was perhaps no right judge of the beauty of European cities, considered as such. I was indeed delighted with Oorahlsk, and my people were wonderstruck. To them it was all enchantment. The wide, free, clean street, the elegant houses, the least a palace in their eyes—the beautiful women, dressed in a costume quite new to them, and elegant in the eyes of the most fastidious, walking unveiled in the streets, yet without any other appearance of immodesty—all struck Nizaum, my more immediate attendant, as a page from the volume of Paradise."

"SUMMUD KHAUN AT COVENT GARDEN.

"But the exhibition that gave him the most intense delight was Covent Garden Theatre. I took him there twice to see the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, a piece got up in a style of splendour never perhaps equalled. The theatre itself, with all its galleries, its beautiful faces and brilliant lights, was a sufficient marvel: but when the performance commenced the enchantment was complete. The scenery, so exquisitely delineated—the figures, beautiful in themselves, and apparelled as only Peris appear—the beautiful singing—the dancing, from which I myself could not for an instant withdraw the eye—the winged things floating in the air, or rising through the earth—all bewildered and delighted him; and he still declares, that of all the wonderful and delightful things possessed by the English, their play of Fairies is the

most marvellous. I was astonished to perceive in him so just an appreciation of the several vocal performances. He distinguished the Fairy King among these, a part taken by Vestris; and Miss Rainsford, who acted the part of another fairy, also attracted his notice. I explained to him the story as the play proceeded. The machinery of Fairies we have ourselves borrowed from Asia, and it was easily comprehended by him. When Puck springs into the air and flies across the stage, he was at first startled and bewildered; but he soon recovered, and remarked, 'You do that by means of wires.' Bully Bottom's metamorphosis he readily comprehended. The sagacious looks of the ass, and the motions of its ear when the Fairy Queen is whispering her love secrets, were all duly appreciated. The piece closes by the sudden apparition of Fairies on earth and fluttering in mid air, bearing each a torch in her hand. In short, Fairy-land itself is outdone; and I will venture to say that Summud's most exaggerated notion of the glories of Peristaun never came up to this elegant exhibition."

Affixed to the narrative is a memoir on the geography, productions, manners and customs, of the kingdom of Khaurism, of which Khiva is the capital. In this paper the literary ability of Captain Abbott gives force and spirit to the account, without detracting from its authority. It appears to us a useful and condensed view of a country but little known.

From the (London) Spectator.

NEWSPAPER REPORTING AS A POLITICAL ENGINE.

WHEN Jefferson expressed the opinion that a free press is more essential to a country than a government, he only put two ideas in logical sequence—it is necessary to know what a country is and does, before you can tell how to govern it; and if the country itself knows what it is and does, public opinion must exercise a more effectual rule than a government acting in ignorance. The value of freedom in a press by no means consists alone in freedom of commentary. Commentary is in great part the concentrated reflex of public opinion; but public opinion cannot exist without information on facts as they arise; opinion is complete, mature, and potent, in proportion as that information is copious, correct, and freely circulated. The

freest and most vigorous commentary, unsupported by a full statement of the facts on which it rests, would have little more influence than mere book learning and abstract reasoning. Moreover, it is only with absolute freedom that the practice of giving unreserved information can obtain; for if the informant has to think at every sentence whether a particular statement will pass the censorship or whatever authority performs the function of one, sheer distaste at so irksome a task will at once teach him to reject all doubtful matters, and nothing but what is agreeable to the authorities will appear. Those who defy that rule will be parties hostile to established authority, and their information will have the discredit that attaches to extreme and irregular views. On the other hand, perfect freedom of statement tends very materially to encourage moderation, by neutralizing extreme opinions: the ample reports of the London papers go along with the more decidedly coloured commentaries of the original writing; every person of note in the country, of whatever party, has his opinions on the whole fully and faithfully developed in each of the principal papers; so that every newspaper reader throughout the country is supplied with facts and reflections, and ample materials for opinions of his own, independently of any one section of party-politicians. In this way, the newspaper has come to perform a very important function, impossible to be rightly performed without thorough freedom of statement: it is the "channel of information" between all classes in the country—it tells the country what the Legislature and Government are doing; it tells the Government and Legislature what the country is about; it lets the rich and the poor know what is going forward beyond their own sphere. A newspaper is a political map of the country, as necessary to the statesman as a geographical map to the general.

Practically, the English press is the freest in the world; and one important result is seen in the extraordinary activity of its reporting department. Each of the chief papers has "our own correspondent" at every commanding point in the world, and many of those correspondents are actual reporters. As soon as any remarkable series of events sets in, in any quarter of the globe, "our own correspondent," or "our own reporter," travels thither. The war in Syria had its professional reporters; "gentlemen connected with the press" have established a permanent footing in India; and if that class

had not reached China during the late war, arrangements had evidently been made which were tantamount to having "our own reporter" on the scene of every enterprise. No sooner is Spain once more under the dominion of revolution, than the spirit of the English press roves the land in every direction, and the Cockney and ale-house politician have a more comprehensive and faithful view of the seat of civil war than the people at Madrid or Barcelona.

From the Metropolitan.

Tales of the Colonies, or the Adventures of an Emigrant. Edited by a late Colonial Magistrate.

SINCE the time of Robinson Crusoe literature has produced nothing like these "Tales of the Colonies." Characterized by perfect simplicity and intense interest, an union so rare as to be often deemed incompatible, yet where found most potently enhancing each other's power, the narrative carries on the reader with a restlessness from which he could not, if he would, escape, and from which he would not if he could.

Truthfulness and novelty—can there be things of more attractive power?—are stamped on the whole conduct of the work: the truthfulness conducts from page to page, the novelty breathes over the whole. We are here led into a new walk of literature. Van Diemen's Land, with its primæval wilds, its ancient solitudes, its vast prairies, its far-spreading forests, its tangled bushwood, its luxuriant vegetation, and its unpeopled extent of country, is the scene; while on it we find the most marked, distinctive, broadly separated, and effectively contrasted classes of population that the world could produce.

We follow a settler from England to the shore of Australia, accompany him through all his toils, his vicissitudes, his labours, his dangers, his difficulties, while the air of reality so fastens our attention, that it would be vain to tell us we have been doting on a fiction. Fiction it is not: it is truth alone which so rivets our interest. We quite believe that not a single incident in this whole narrative is feigned. Nothing but truth could so transport us into the midst of scenes which are altogether out of the province of invention. The simple energy of the style has no equal saving in De Foe. The freshness is so unstudied, the descriptions so natural, the

details so contiguous, and in such plenitude, from beginning to end; every little incident is so accurately marked and so happily hit off, so simple and yet so truthful, that we seem actually to hear and see with our own visual and aural organs; and, in the midst of this, shall we call it the fascination of simplicity, we are met at every unexpected turn with a new charm. Little traps of the slyest humour, into which we trip and fall at every third step, and are in them before we know where we are, and so are obliged to laugh at ourselves as well as our author. In truth, we might say that Goldsmith's delicate wit, and De Foe's realizing power of detail, uniting in this delightful narrative, bestow each on the other a new charm.

Among the characters there is one of the happiest creations of originality, the old man Crabb. So true, so grateful; forever changing, yet always consistent; detesting every thing, yet loving all; abominating the country, yet never finding resolution enough to leave it; always taking his passage in the next ship, yet building a house and dwelling in it to his dying day. But we cannot, in a few brief lines, do justice to this most felicitous of cross-grained conceptions; it requires the whole work to unravel his simplicity. And though we have his company almost in every scene, yet have we never enough of a companion who so highly amuses us. Every stroke in Crabb's picture tells; and then his phraseology is as characteristic as it is racy and amusing.

Our readers will find this work more than bear out our commendation. While it is a novelty in literature, it is also a masterpiece in talent. Instance our extract.

"My presence of mind almost forsook me at this crisis. Escape seemed impossible; and I felt that I was doomed to the most horrible of deaths—that of being burnt alive!

"The light of the flames increased, and the smoke inside the hut became almost insufferable! Feeling that if I remained where I was, death was certain, I determined to make a desperate effort to escape. There was a little wind, which blew the smoke in the direction of the back of the hut; the natives, as I knew by their cries, were assembled in the front.

"I determined to attempt my escape by the back window, hoping that the smoke in that direction would serve to conceal my exit at the moment of getting out of the window, when my position would be defenceless. I hastily tore down my barricade of logs, and

jumped through the opening into the smoke. I was almost suffocated, but, with my gun in my hand, I dashed through it.

"For the moment I was not perceived; but the natives soon got sight of me, and a volley of spears around me, one of which struck me in the back, but dropped out again, proclaimed that they were in chase. I kept on running as long as I could towards a tree that was in the middle of the little plain over which I was passing, intending to make that my fighting place, by setting my back to it, and so to protect myself in the rear.

"The spears flew around me and near me, but I reached the tree, and instantly turning round, I fired among the advancing natives. This checked them, for they were now becoming afraid of my formidable weapon, and seeing that I stood resolute and prepared for them, they retreated to some distance; but they continued to throw some spears, most of which fell short, and kept up a shouting and yelling in a frightful manner, capering and dancing about in a sort of frenzy,—ferocious to get at me, but kept at bay by my terrible gun.

"My blood was now up! I was excited to a pitch of joyful exultation by my escape from the burning hut, and I felt that courage of excitement which almost prompted me to rush on my enemies, and to bring the matter to an issue by a bodily conflict with my broadsword. But prudence prevailed; and I placed my hope and my dependence on my trusty gun, which had already done me such good service.

"Taking advantage of the temporary inaction of the natives, I felt for my powder-horn, to reload the barrel which I had discharged. To my unspeakable horror and disappointment, it was missing! I searched every pocket in vain! I had laid it on the table in the hut, and there I had left it! To recover it was impossible, as the hut was all in flames, and while I gazed on the burning mass, a dull report and a burst of sparks from the building made known to me that the powder had become ignited, and was lost to me for ever!

"In my agony of mind at this discovery, my hair seemed to bristle up; and the sweat ran down my forehead and obscured my sight! I now felt that nothing but a miracle could save me; but the love of life increasing in proportion to the danger of losing it, I once more summoned up my falling energies for a last effort. I had three barrels loaded; one in my fowling-piece and two in my pis-

tols; I had also my broadsword, but that would not avail me against their spears.

"If I could hold out till night, I thought I might be able then to elude my savage enemies, as the natives have a fear of moving about at night, believing that in the darkness an evil spirit roams about, seeking to do them mischief, and who then has power over them. Casting my eyes upwards to the branches of the trees under which I was standing, I observed that it was easy to climb, and there appeared to me indications of a hollow in the trunk between the principal branches, which might serve me for a place of shelter till the night should enable me, under the cover of its darkness, to escape from my pursuers.

"I formed my plan on the instant, and without losing a moment I slung my gun behind me, and, catching hold of a branch within reach, I clambered up. The natives, who were watching my motions, renewed their shouts and yells at this manœuvre, and rushed towards the tree in a body.

"I scrambled as fast as I could to the fork of the tree, and found to my infinite relief that my anticipation was right; there was a hollow large enough to admit my whole body, and effectually to shield me from the spears of the savages. As my foot reached the bottom, it encountered some soft body, which I quickly learnt was an opossum, the owner of the habitation, which asserted its rights by a sharp attack on the calf of my leg with teeth and claws: I was not in a humour to argue the matter with my new assailant, so with my thick bush shoes I trampled the creature down into a jelly, though it left its remembrances on my torn flesh, which smarted not a little. When I recovered my breath, I listened to ascertain the motions of my enemies outside.

"They had ceased their yells, and there was a dead silence, so that I could hear my own quick breathing within the trunk of the tree. 'What are they about?' thought I. While I mentally ejaculated this thought, I felt an agitation of the tree, from which I guessed that some venturesome savage was climbing up to attack me in my retreat. I cautiously raised myself up to look around me, but the appearance of my hat above the hole was the signal for half-a-dozen spears, three of which passed through it, one of them grazing the scalp of my head. 'That plan will not do,' thought I; 'I must keep close.'

"As I crouched myself down, I thought I

heard a breathing above me. I looked up, and beheld the hideous visage of one of the savages glaring on me with his white eye-balls, which exhibited a ferocious sort of exultation. He had his waddie in his hand, which he slowly raised, to give me a pat on the head, thinking that he had me quite safe, like an opossum in its hole. 'You're mistaken, my beauty,' thought I; 'I'm not done for yet.' Drawing out one of my pistols from my pocket, which was rather a matter of difficulty in my confined position, I fired. The ball crashed through his face and skull, and I heard his dead body fall heavily to the ground.

"A yell of fear and rage arose from his black companions. I took advantage of the opportunity, and raised myself up so as to look about me, but their threatening spears soon drove me back to my retreat. There was now another pause and a dead silence; and I flattered myself with the hope that the savages, having been so frequently baffled, and having suffered so much in their attacks, would now retire. But the death and the wounds of their comrades, it appears, only whetted their rage, and stimulated them to fresh endeavours; and the cunning devices of that devilish savage Musqueeto were turned in a new and more fatal direction.

"As I lay in my retreat, I heard a sound as if heavy materials were being dragged towards the tree. I ventured to peep out, and beheld the savages busy in piling dead wood round the trunk, with the intention, as I immediately surmised, of setting fire to it, and of burning me in my hole.

"My conjectures were presently verified. I saw emerging from the wood one of their females, bearing the lighted fire-sticks which the natives always carry with them in their journeys. I looked on these preparations as a neglected but not indifferent spectator, the natives disregarding my appearance above the opening, and waiting with a sort of savage patience for the sure destruction which they were preparing for me.

"The native women approached with the fire, and the natives, forming a circle round the tree, performed a dance of death as a prelude to my sacrifice. I was tempted to fire on them; but I did not like to part with my last two shots, except in an extremity even greater than this.

"In the meantime the natives continued their dance, seeming to enjoy the interval between me and death, like the epicure who delays his attack on the delicious feast before

him, that he may the longer enjoy the exciting pleasure of anticipation. Presently, however, their death-song broke out into loud cries of fury; they applied the fire to the faggots, and as the blaze increased, they danced and yelled round the tree in a complete delirium of rage and exultation.

"The fire burned up!—the smoke ascended! I already felt the horrid sensation of being stifled by the thick atmosphere of smoke before the flames encompassed me. In this extremity, I determined, at least, to inflict some vengeance on my savage persecutors.

"I scrambled up from my hiding-place, and crawled as far as I could on one of the branches which was most free from the suffocating smoke and heat, and fired the remaining barrel of my fowling-piece at the yelling wretches, which I then hurled at their heads. I did the same with my remaining pistol, when, to my amazement, I heard the reports of other guns; but whether they were the echoes of my own, or that my failing senses deceived me, I know not, for the smoke and flames now mastered me. Stifled and scorched, I remember only falling from the branch of the tree, which was not high, to the ground, when my senses left me.

"I was roused from my trance of death by copious deluges of water, and I heard a voice which was familiar to me exclaiming,—

"Well, if this is not enough to disgust a man with this horrid country, I don't know what he would have more! For years and years I have been preaching to him that nothing good could come of this wretched den of bush-rangers and natives, and now, you see, the evil has come at last!"

"I opened my eyes at these words. It was the voice of Crabb, whom heaven had directed with a party of friends to this spot to deliver me! Overcome with the intensity of my emotions, racked with pain, and sick from the very fulness of joy at my escape from death, I uttered a piercing cry of mingled pain and delight, and fainted!"

Out of sixteen millions of people in England and Wales, about one-eleventh, or 1,429,356, are absolute and recognised paupers. In the year 1842 not less than 4,036,453*l.* was levied from the general industry of the country for their maintenance.

From Tait's (Edinburg) Magazine.

The Hand-book of Taste ; or how to observe Works of Art, especially Cartoons, Pictures, and Statues. By Fabius Pictor. Longman & Co.

WE have never met with a compendious treatise on Art, and the principles which should guide taste in judging of its productions, that contained more excellent matter than this small unpretending volume. It is expressly compiled for the instruction of the Public, and with a view to that era in Art which the decoration of the new Houses of Parliament, and the present display of the Cartoons in Westminster Hall, may be expected to create. It exhibits the opinions of the best artists and critics of all ages. It is not intended to instruct the student in art, though he may profit much by its lessons,—but to tell the observer how he may judge of the productions of the Fine Arts. It is not flattering to set out with saying that England, in the art of design, is not only immeasurably behind Italy, but falls short of what France aspires to, and Germany has accomplished ; but this is qualified by the admission that England is, nevertheless, quite capable of efficient progress.

That this Hand-book merits even higher praise than we have bestowed upon it, the intelligent reader will learn from the following specimens, while he receives a few sound lessons on taste :

“ THE TRUE ARTIST.

“A painter who only knows how to colour, if he colours well, has made himself master of a difficult craft, and deserves such praise as you would bestow upon a good workman ; but he is not an artist.

“A painter who invents, composes, and colours subjects which are pretty and pleasing enough in themselves, but produce no effect upon the mind, nor any result beyond the visual gratification of the observer, merits undoubtedly the first rank amongst decorators ; but he is not an artist.

“But the painter who represents ideas exalted, just, and noble, in such a manner as to transmit them from the canvass into the breasts of those who behold it, and to excite in them the emotions, thoughts, affections, or antipathies with which he is himself inspired,—he *is* an artist, equal in all respects to the first of orators, poets, or historians.

“ THE LIMITS OF IMITATION IN ART.

“The artist who imitated Nature precisely as she is, would fail entirely in his aim. A representation of what is constantly before our eyes is not worth so much trouble. A country lout, betraying in his attitude and countenance the very picture of rustic simplicity, while he scratches his head to stimulate it for an answer to the plainest question,—a servant girl down on her knees, with sleeves tucked up to the elbows, laboriously employed in scrubbing away at the floor of a room furnished with a couple of straw-bottomed chairs, a deal table, of which the legs appear to have a *lien* on the wall, a bandbox of blue paper, and a bed covered with a patchwork quilt,—are, no doubt, quite natural. And when the artist has represented these objects so truly that you feel obliged to listen for the vacant reply,—that you seem to see the flush of perspiration on the housemaid's face,—or fancy for the moment that the counterpane is really made of cotton print,—what have you gained? Would you wish to live in constant intercourse with just such companions at your hearth?—to see the room you occupy bedecked with such materials? Then why do you wish to have them on your walls? No; the real value of art does not consist in portraying Nature just as she is, but as she might be;—in depicting that which is not of common but uncommon occurrence,—which, in short, is never seen at one time, or united in one object. Hence those employed in re-producing images of mere nature are but copyists; and however much manual labour they may bestow upon these copies of theirs, they certainly do not merit any very great degree of praise. There are cases where they would be even censurable, and most so when the imitation was most perfect and most true. Who can endure the sight of monsters or tortures when so naturally represented as to appear real? If the Laocoon inspired horror, it would immediately cease to be a production of the fine arts; the effect of which, as has been said, must always be to excite emotions of pleasure, be the representation illustrative of what passion or quality it may,—joy, sorrow, majesty, grace, or hatred.”

The following rules, and those which precede them, should be conned over before visiting Exhibitions, and afterwards stitched up with our catalogues:—

“Do not allow yourself to be imposed upon by the celebrity of names. A name makes nothing. Hamlet or Othello would

give you equal pleasure if they had been anonymous publications. It would be well if all works were anonymous; conceive that they are so; and create for yourself a just coup-d'œil by constant exercise, which will teach you how to discern the slightest variation in the forms, proportions, attitudes, accessories, characters, and expression. After all, a good copy is better than a bad original.

"If the name of the artist is not allowed to influence your judgment, neither should you permit your reason to be enslaved by submitting it to the dictation of others. How seldom is it that a man's taste is formed upon his own observations! Most men see things, not in their own colours, but in those which others have ascribed to them; they see with other men's eyes. 'Take your own sentiments for your guide,' said the Oracle to Cicero, 'and not the opinion of the vulgar.' When you meet with one who has the reputation of being a 'connoisseur,' whose knowledge is confined to the science of terms, stories, anecdotes of the lives of artists, the vicissitudes which their works have undergone, their prices, their scarcity, and their celebrity—who sweeps his hand, with a peculiar sort of air, over some little spot in some great picture, or imitates with his forefinger the motion of the brush, moving and circulating over the canvass, as it would do in the hands of an able artist, while his eyebrows arch themselves to the skies at the mention of a name,—be sure that that man is an impostor: he may be a successful picture-dealer, but he is not an intelligent observer; nor should you take him for your guide with any greater confidence than you would choose to bestow upon a critic whose knowledge of genuine poetry was confined to the art of discerning the autograph of every author from a forgery.

"Do not permit yourself to be deceived by show and glare, nor conceive that the work which makes the greatest impression upon you at the first glance is therefore the best. This tells only at the Exhibition, where every thing is seen through a false medium, distracted as the eye must be by the bustle of company, the gaudy dresses, the glitter of frames upon the wall, and the chaos of colours. An artist tones his picture there for the express purpose of attracting attention, to make it prominent by casting its neighbourhood into shade. This is called 'Demolishing a rival.'

"Again, that which astonishes, always diminishes in effect every fresh time you

recur to it; whereas real worth is unassuming, is often overlooked at first, but gradually gains upon you, unfolds new beauties, or presents the same ones in a still more pleasing aspect, as often as you revisit it. The 'Paradise Lost' was sold for 10*l.*, and remained neglected for many years after its publication; but now we never tire with reading it; and the oftener read, the more it charms. Mademoiselle de Launay, afterwards Madame de Staël,—who had a niece living with her possessed of considerable personal beauty,—used to say, 'The men come to see Sophia, but they stay to converse with me.' We, too, go to see the pictures at the Exhibition: how many of them are there with which we should wish to stay and converse!

"Finally, if you would have good artists and great works, never consent to accept the merits of execution for the intrinsic merits of a work. The value of a poem does not consist in hot-pressed paper and Baskerville types. If a painting has no merit beyond its beauty, it has failed of its end; if none but its colouring, it has failed in its means. To be perfect, it must be a beautiful as well as a good painting: and it cannot be a good picture unless it improves and instructs at the same time that it pleases; for it is not the eye which discerneth beauty, but the intellect."

CENSORSHIP IN PRUSSIA.

The first judgment of the Supreme Board of Censorship was published at Berlin on the 19th. A bookseller, previously to publishing a biography of Staps, who was shot in 1809 for an attempt to assassinate Napoleon, submitted the manuscript to a censor, who struck out two passages, in one of which the biographer, Staps' own father, denounced in opprobrious terms the conduct of Marshal Ney, who had threatened him with the fate of his son. In the other, after blaming, in strong terms, political assassination, he observed that Heaven in its wisdom sometimes permitted it, in order to punish tyranny. The bookseller having appealed to the supreme board of censorship, that tribunal condemned the Censor for erasing those passages, and directed that the biography should be published in its original form.

From the Illuminated Magazine.

MODERN ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

THE present age is unquestionably one of "accomplishments;" they meet us at every turn, and present themselves under every form. There are none of condition so low as not to possess some recommendable qualification, the result of study or skill. A case in point occurred a few nights since. On the breaking up of the crowd at the Opera, after witnessing the wonderful gyrations of Cerito, I supped at the "Blue Posts,"—a familiar haunt on such occasions, and that act performed, I was lighting my cigar at the bar previous to leaving the house, when a gentleman suddenly entered, followed closely by something very small and very black, which, on closer inspection, turned out to be a juvenile *Fakir*,—Anglicè, a sweep, whom having introduced, his conductor disappeared.

"Oh! go along," cried a female voice from the bar, "we don't want any nonsense,—there—get away with you at once."

The poor little fellow looked wistfully in the girl's face,—nothing but the whites of his eyes were visible, but they pleaded hard for permission to remain though he said nothing.

I have always had a strong feeling in favour of the race of small British niggers,—they *seem* so innocent, and *are* so black; and when the "Bar" reiterated the order to go, I interposed and told the sweep to stay.

"What did you come in here for, my little man?" I asked.

"Gen'l'm'n brought me," was the reply.

"But what to do?" I repeated.

"Stand on my edd and sing."

"Stand on your head and sing;—that's a new fashion;—what can you sing?"

"Jim along Josey," was the brief rejoinder.

"Well," said I,—giving him a penny piece,—“it seems you mustn't do it here; give me a touch of your quality outside.”

Those who know the Blue Posts are aware that there is a small vestibule formed by a glass door about four feet from the street. Here he proposed to exhibit, but first he dived his hand into his breast, and began to tug at a string which was round his neck, and presently there came to light a small canvas bag, into which he carefully stuffed the penny;—it had been empty till then!

The size of the purse, and the stowage of the coin recalled to my recollection the scene of Yorick and the fair Grizette,—and I would bet a penny to a French crown that the reader

was reminded of it himself, before I named the comparison.

While he was securing his *money* (!) I asked him—

"What countryman are you?"

"Don't know," he replied, with the happiest indifference.

"Where were you born?"

"King Street."

There is a nest of sweeps in an alley close to Almack's where they burrow like rabbits. A few bricks, the thickness of a chimney only, separate the belle of the season from black little sweep.

Diamonds and white satin on one side of the wall; teeth like pearls and a bag of soot on the other.

I pursued my inquiry, "What is your name?"

"Bill Murphy," returned my laconic friend, in the spirit of one who knew the full value of words and wanted none.

"Then you're an Irishman?"

"No;" he replied, "I'm a chummy."

As this was a distinction on which he seemed to pride himself more than that of belonging to "the inviolate island of the sage and free,"—I inquired no further, but desired him to sing his song.

"Stay," said he, "let's see where's the P'licem'n,"—and he darted to the door and peeped right and left, while I internally wondered what there could be in common between a Policeman and "such small deer."

Having satisfied himself that the coast was clear, and that the infraction of the law which he was about to commit, and I to abet, might be performed with impunity, he made a summerset on the door-mat, and balancing himself on his head, struck up the popular song of "Jim along Josey," keeping time to the inflections of the verse and the exigencies of the measure by a rapid and effective pantomime with his legs.

I freely confess that when the performance was over, I rewarded him with a piece of silver—more proportionate to the size of his purse than my sense of his merits. I was old-fashioned enough to term it a groat,—he called it a "Joey."

I have pondered deeply on the subject since then, and it strikes me as highly problematical whether any member of any of the learned professions could do what Bill Murphy accomplished with so much ease: and yet they, for the most part, have been, like him, groping their way, through intricate or dirty passages all their lives.

NEWSPAPER STATISTICS.

It appears, from the last return made to Parliament, that there are at present 138 newspapers circulated in London; the yearly circulation of which amounts to 36,271,020 papers, and the advertisement duty amounts to 48,179*l.* 10*s.* There are 214 English country papers in circulation, the total yearly sale of which amounts to 16,857,000 papers; showing that, though the number of journals considerably exceeds the number in London, the yearly circulation does not amount to half of the circulation in the metropolis. The yearly amount of advertisement duty on the country papers is 49,766*l.* 18*s.* In Scotland there are at present eighteen papers in circulation, nearly one-fourth of which are published in Edinburgh; and it is worthy of remark that, notwithstanding the wealth of that city, there is not one daily newspaper published there. The yearly amount of circulation in Scotland is 1,478,940, and the advertisement duty is 12,595*l.* 12*s.* In Wales there are ten papers in circulation, the highest of which averages only 1,500 per week. The circulation of the rest is uncertain, sometimes rising to 10,000 per month, and sometimes falling to 1000. The total yearly circulation is 88,000, and the advertisement duty is 305*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* There are twenty-five papers circulated in Dublin, the yearly sale of which amounts to 3,366,406 papers, and the advertisement duty is 4,599*l.* 8*s.* There are 58 Irish country papers, the yearly circulation of which is 2,435,068, and 12,000 supplements. The advertisement duty amounts to 3,686*l.* 16*s.*

GERMAN EARNESTNESS.

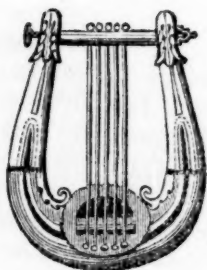
CULTURE will do everything for man but give him the original capacity on which it most successfully works. If culture were all, how far had a Voltaire been above a Shakspeare, a Gray before a Burns, a Mengs beyond a Correggio, a Dugald Stewart ahead of a Spinoza! All which is much the reverse of true. We require something from which—granting the due circumstances—culture, knowledge, and reflection, clearness and liveliness of painting, the seriousness that will to careless eyes appear mysticism, the affectionateness that fills a life and book

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with warmth, and the homeliness which is the proof of real interest in all the forms and conditions of human nature, must, as water from its fountain rise and be manifest. And there is one power in man which, with proper qualities of other kinds, and under favouring influences, will produce all that and every other good thing. There is but one. It is *earnestness of heart*. This we do conceive to be the grand fontal characteristic of the better German writings, as compared with those that other nations have brought forth during these last three score years and ten. Here, perhaps, we might fitly stop. For where men have equal natural gifts, and equal circumstances, *earnestness* is *all* that makes the difference. As to gifts, the Teutonic race are, in force, fire, and clearness, the masters of the modern world; being indeed, the conquerors of it all; and founders of its medieval Christian life. Their circumstances, as already we have partly seen, are not in later times less favourable, but rather more so than those of other countries; for they are in good measure exempt from all confusing commercial bustle, and do not shrink under the tyranny of one huge feverish drunken metropolis; and are amply provided with *seats of free thought*—at once cause, result, proof, and furtherance of this faithful national earnestness. Other things being equal, or even not grossly unequal, the most *earnest* people will be the wisest, most melodious, most creative; and this is what we esteem the Germans to be, as shown in their modern books.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

M. THIERS.

M. THIERS is labouring diligently at his "History of the Consulate and the Empire." Whatever may be the differences of opinion as to this remarkable man's claims to the rank of a great statesman, there can be none as to his lofty position among the great literary characters of the day; for as the modern historian of France, it is universally allowed that none can even hope to approach him. He has already read several chapters of his work to the king, and has received from him, no mean judge, the most flattering acknowledgments of their fervid eloquence, their striking yet unexaggerated descriptions of events, their great and varied excellence.



From Ainsworth's Magazine.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A HEATH BROOM.

BY M. Y. W.

Poor outcast that I am!
From men I scarce can claim a passing thought;
Yet on the far blue mountain whence I came
They scorn'd me not.

For o'er its rugged side,
By me and mine a purple robe was thrown;
And the rich hues, so long the landscape's pride,
Were ours alone.

The shifting light and shade
Of cloud and sunshine o'er my birth-place flew,
And lovely from afar the spot was made,
Where once I grew.

Oft resting there by me,
The traveller gazed upon the quiet vales
So far beneath, and on the sunlit sea,
And gliding sails.

Thither the shepherd came,
His scatter'd flock with careful search to gather,
Or the keen sportsman, eager for his game,
Trod down the heather.

And oft did towns remote
Send forth the young and gay, in summer's prime,
The mountain paths to seek, and (free as thought)
The heights to climb.

Nor was it hard to bear,
When from my tuft they pluck'd the richest wreath,
And fondly said, there was no flower so fair
As that wild heath!

But ruder hands too soon,
Harden'd by daily toil, their sole pursuit,
And careless of my beauty, cut me down
Close to the root.

They let not one escape
Of all the feathery stems that grew together,
But soon transform'd to this degrading shape
The tuft of heather.

And now no more from me
The breeze should dash the dew at early morn,
Nor to my honey'd bells the wandering bee
At noon-day turn.

Along the dusty road
Soon was I borne for many a weary mile,
On to the town where men have their abode,
And all things vile.

Then did they shout my name,
Which mingled there with every meaner sound,
And my last blossoms, as they blush'd for shame,
Fell to the ground.

None by my fate were moved,
Who on the mountain side had deem'd me fair;
Alas! it is our place that makes us loved,
Not what we are!

My brethren, one by one,
To different masters had been sold for slaves,
And day by day more dim and pale had grown
My sickly leaves.

Soon to the vilest use,
In miry street and alley was I turn'd,
And then, because I had been injured thus,
Was shunn'd and scorn'd.

Worn to the heart at last,
Unfitted for my toil I have become,
And here, by those I served, have I been cast
To wait my doom.

Look on me now, and ask
Who in the gratitude of men should trust,
And clear their trodden paths (an endless task)
From mire or dust?

And yet despise me not,
Changed as I am since last I saw my home;
But pitying, think how low the world has brought
The Old Heath-broom!

THE MARCH TO SIBERIA.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

How drearily, how wearily, how mournfully, and
slow,
Towards thy plains, Siberia, our exiled footsteps
go;
But o'er that tract of dismal length our hearts re-
fuse to roam,
They still evade the tyrant's strength, and, ling-
ering, dwell at home.

Yes! wildly free our hearts shall be, nor share the
outward chain,
The soul preserves its liberty, though crush'd and
bow'd with pain;
And in our dreams the forms we love all smiling
bright shall stand,
And with us through thy pathways rove, oh! un-
forgotten land!

What voices murmur in our ears?—the great an-
cestral dead!
They bid us dry the burning tears impatient eyes
have shed,
And trust the future, yet unknown, with calm,
courageous breast,
For righteous Heaven still makes his own the
cause of the oppressed.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

BY F. BENNOCH.

Spring.

THE spring had come with gentle showers,
And herbs, and plants, and trees, and flowers,
Sprang into life as south winds blew
Soft on their bursting pulps, and dew
Moistened their lips, whilst one by one
They opened their buds to the morning sun,
Inhaling with pleasure the genial glow
Of his golden beams; for they seem'd to know
That their beautiful bloom from his light must flow.
As his rays on their bosoms danced awhile,
You might hear them grow as you saw them smile;
The humblest flower with its crimson streak
Display'd, by the blush of its velvet cheek,
How deeply it felt, though it could not speak!

Summer.

The Summer came, with the summer's joy,
As merry at heart as a laughing boy
As he runs, and bounds, and laughs, and sings,
Till the joyous tear in his bright eye springs;
On came she bounding in sunshine and rain,
Dancing in music o'er mountain and plain;
Blithe was her life, led in greenwoods and bowers,
Sweet was the music she drew from the flowers,
As she hung them and swung them on bending
trees,
Homes for the insects and food for the bees;
Their petals were nourish'd with sunlight and dew
Till her love was return'd in the odours they threw;
She bathed all their lips on the fading of light,
And tenderly folded them up for the night,
Fond watch o'er their pillows untiring she kept,
And kisses gave all till they slumber'd and slept.

Autumn.

But Summer was robb'd of her garments so green
When sunny-brow'd Autumn arose on the scene;
Ripe was his ruddy face, firm was his tread,
His mantle was purple, and yellow, and red,
And brown; and the locks on his lofty brow
In richness and beauty were seen to grow
Like the yellowing ears of the ripening corn
Wav'd by the breath of the joyous morn.
Those locks in their glory were fair to see
As the sunny waves of a golden sea.
He stretched out his arms and shook his head,
Till the luscious fruits of the year were spread.

Winter.

The spirit of Winter arose on the air,
With shivering limbs all naked and bare!
Born in the depths of an Iceland cave,
Cradled and nursed on a stormy wave,
He slumber'd a season, and then came forth;
His steeds were the bitterest winds of the north;
A frozen cloud was his whirling car;
Darkness and Fear were his heralds of war;
His icicle-teeth did rattle and shake
Like a hurtling stone on a frozen lake,
Or the clattering bones of a gibbeted form,
That is driven about by the merciless storm;
His long skinny arms he wav'd in the breeze,
And stripp'd of their verdure the plants and the
trees.
Wherever he snorted, his withering breath
All delicate beings crumbled in death!

DEATH.

FAINTER her slow step falls from day to day,
Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow!
Yet doth she fondly cling to earth and say:
"I am content to die—but oh, not now!
Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
Make the warm air such luxury to breathe;
Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing,
Not while bright flowers around my footsteps
wreath,
Spare me, great God;—lift up my drooping brow:—
I am content to die!—but oh! not now!"

The spring hath ripened into summer-time—
The season's viewless boundary is past;
The glorious sun has reached his burning prime;
"Oh! must this glimpse of beauty be the last?
Let me not perish while o'er land and sea
With silent steps the Lord of light moves on;
Nor while the murmur of the mountain-bee
Greets my dull ear, with music in its tone.
Pale sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow—
I am content to die!—but oh! not now!"

Summer is gone; and Autumn's soberer hues
Tint the ripe fruits and gild the waving corn;
The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,
Shouts the halloo, and winds his eager horn.
"Spare me awhile, to wander forth and gaze
On the broad meadows and the quiet stream;
To watch in silence while the evening rays
Slant through the fading trees with ruddy gleam:
Cooler the breezes play around my brow—
I am content to die!—but oh! not now!"

The bleak wind whistles; snow-showers far and
near,
Drift without echo to the whitening ground;
Autumn hath passed away, and cold and drear,
Winter stalks on, with frozen mantle bound;
Yet still that prayer ascends: "Oh! laughingly
My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd;
Our home-fire blazes broad and bright and high,
And the roof rings with voices light and loud;
Spare me awhile—raise up my drooping brow!
I am content to die!—but oh! not now!"

C. N.

SONNET WRITTEN IN RETIREMENT.

Rest, rest awhile, thou ever busy brain;
Thou heart, too quick replying, rest awhile;
Forget for once the world's vain joy and pain,
Heed only Nature's frown or Nature's smile.
Watch ye the clouds less changeful than men's
praise;
The winds, whose fickleness may fail to wound;
The sun, whose wrath is ne'er of many days;
The earth, who scatters unbought blessings
round.
Fret not that one is happy, one is great;
Mourn not o'er broken hopes and baffled schemes;
Believe the appointed is the kindest fate,
And sacrifice to faith your first-born dreams.
Pause as the way-worn pilgrim at the source,
Then, with new strength, resume your onward
course.



ART AND SCIENCE.

ILLUSTRATION.

THE RETURN OF THE WATERS.

Engraved by John Sartain from a Picture by John Martin.

Exodus, Chap. xiv. 23—30.

"And the Egyptians pursued, and went in after them to the midst of the sea, *even* all Pharaoh's horses, his chariots, and his horsemen. And it came to pass, that in the morning-watch the LORD looked unto the host of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians, and took off their chariot-wheels, that they drave them heavily: so that the Egyptians said, Let us flee from the face of Israel, for the LORD fighteth for them against the Egyptians.

"And the LORD said unto Moses, Stretch out thy hand over the sea, that the waters may come again upon the Egyptians, upon their chariots, and upon their horsemen. And Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the sea returned to his strength when the morning appeared; and the Egyptians fled against it; and the LORD overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the sea. And the waters returned, and covered the chariots, and the horsemen, *and* all the host of Pharaoh that came into the sea after them: there remained not so much as one of them. Thus the LORD saved Israel that day out of the hand of the Egyptians; and Israel saw the Egyptians dead upon the sea-shore."

JOHN MARTIN.

This artist is the most strikingly original of English painters, as Rembrandt is amongst those of the continent of Europe; and each not only conceived and developed his own peculiar method or style of art, but apparently carried it to its utmost perfection. Each relies on what is technically termed *chiaro scuro* (or the grand masses or division of light and darkness) more than on any other means for impressing the mind of the spectator with the sentiment intended to be conveyed, and yet they are perfectly distinct from each other in their principles and management of effect; Martin being necessarily the less simple owing to the more extensive and complex nature of his compositions.

The early discouragements of Martin were great, and the nature of his occupation but little calcu-

lated to lead to that path he has since trod with so much honour to himself and country. He was assistant to Mr. C. Muss, then employed in painting on porcelain, and it was while thus engaged that he ventured on his first original composition in oil colours,—"*Zadac in search of the Waters of Oblivion.*" Amidst penury, tribulation, and anxious misgivings as to its probable reception, the work was completed and exposed to view; it was commended, and, what is more, purchased; other and better compositions succeeded, till, finally, the superb series of mezzotinto plates which he engraved and published himself, spread his fame far and wide, and he counted his gains by thousands.

Sir E. L. Bulwer is an enthusiastic admirer of the subject of our present notice, and what he has written is so admirable that we prefer quoting it to attempting any expression of our own.

"Martin—the greatest, the most lofty, the most permanent, the most original genius of his country, perhaps his age. I see in him the presence of a spirit which is not of the world—the divine intoxication of a great soul lapped in majestic and unearthly dreams. He has taken a range, if not wholly new, at least rarely traversed, in the vast air of religious contemplation; he has gone back into the drear Antique; he has made the *Old Testament*, with its stern traditional grandeur—its solemn shadows and ancestral terrors—his own element and appanage. He has looked upon 'the ebon throne of Eld,' and imbued a mind destined to reproduce what it surveyed, with

'A mighty darkness
Filling the Seat of power—as rays of gloom
Dart round.'

"Vastness is his sphere—yet he has not lost or circumfused his genius in its space; he has chained, and wielded, and measured it, at his will he has transfused its character into narrow limits; he has

compassed the Infinite itself with mathematical precision. He is not, it is true, a Raffaele, delineating and varying human passion, or arresting the sympathy of passion itself in a profound and sacred calm; he is not a Michael Angelo, the creator of gigantic and preternatural powers,—the Titans of the ideal heaven. But he is more original, more self-dependent than either: they perfected the style of others; of Massaccio, of Signorelli;—*they* perfected others;—Martin has borrowed from none. Alone and guideless, he has penetrated the remotest caverns of the past, and gazed on the primeval shapes of the gone world.

“Look at his *DELUGE*—it is the most simple of his works,—it is, perhaps, also the most awful. Poussin had represented before him the dreary waste of inundation; but not the inundation of a world. With an imagination that pierces from effects to the ghastly and sublime agency, Martin gives, in the same picture, a possible solution to the phenomenon he records, and in the gloomy and perturbed heaven, you see the conjunction of the sun, the moon, and a comet! I consider this the most magnificent alliance of philosophy and art of which the history of painting can boast. Look, again, at the *Fall of Nineveh*; observe how the pencil seems dipped in the various fountains of light itself: here the moon, there the electric flash; here torch upon torch, and there ‘the smouldering dreariment’ of the advancing conflagration; the crashing wall—the rushing foe—the dismay of some, the resignation of others; in front, the pomp, the life, the brilliant assemblage, the doomed and devoted beauty gathered round the monarch, in the proud exultation of his immortalizing death! I stop not to touch upon the possible faults, upon the disproportionate height of these figures, or upon the theatrical effect of those; upon the want of some point of contrasting repose to augment the general animation, yet to blend with it a softer sympathy; or upon occasional errors in the drawing, so fiercely denounced by rival jealousies: I speak of the effect which the picture produces on all;—an effect derived from the sublimest causes,—the most august and authentic inspiration. They tell us of the genius that the Royal Institution may form—it thrust this man from its bosom: they tell us of the advantage to be found in the patronising smiles of aristocratic favour—let them ask the early history of Martin! If you would know the victorious power of enthusiasm, regard the great artist of his age immersed in difficulty, on the verge of starvation, prying in the nooks and corners of an old trunk for one remaining crust to satisfy his hunger, returning with unsubdued energy to his easel, and finding in his own rapt meditations of heaven and heaven’s imagery every thing that could reconcile him to earth! Ask you why *he* is supported, and why the lesser geniæ droop and whine for the patronage of lords—it is because *they* have no rapt meditations!

“I have heard that one of Martin’s pictures was undertaken when his pecuniary resources could not bear him through the expenses of the task. One after one his coins diminished; at length he came to a single bright shilling, which *from* its brightness he had, in that sort of playfulness which belongs to genius, kept to the last. The shilling was unfaithful as it was bright—it was taken with a sigh to the baker’s, declared to be a counterfeit, and

the loaf just grasped, plucked back from the hand of the immortal artist.”

It is a remarkable and humiliating fact, that where genius of an original and intrepid nature, looks naturally and of right for countenance and encouragement, it is least likely to be found. The artistic eyes of Royal Academicians were obscured to the merits of any thing so far out of the beaten track, so unlike what was taught by the salaried Professors of their own school; but in after years when the immaculate forty perceived that to elect Martin of their number would be to receive rather than impart credit and consideration, it could be done. However, the proud spirit of the painter forgot not the past, and the invitation was rejected. We will conclude by quoting Bulwer again.

“And how, sir, do you like this engraving of Martin’s?” Go, my dear reader, put that question to yon gentleman with the powdered head—that gentleman is a Royal Academician. I never met with an Academician who did not seem to think you insulted him by a eulogy on Martin. Mr. Gloss Crimson is one of those who measure all art by the Royal Academy Exhibition. He ekes out his talk from Sir Joshua Reynold’s discourses—he is very fond of insisting on the necessity of study and labour, and of copying the antique. ‘Sir,’ quoth he, one day, ‘painting is the synonyme of perseverance.’ He likes not the company of young artists; he is angry if invited to meet them; he calls them indiscriminately ‘shallow coxcombs.’ He is a great worshipper of Dr. Johnson, and tells you that Dr. Johnson extolled the project of the Academy. Alas, he little knows that the good doctor somewhere wonders what people can be thinking of to talk of such trifles as an Academy for Painting! He is intensely jealous, and more exclusive than a second-rate Countess; he laments the decay of patronage in this country; he believes every thing in arts depends upon lords; he bows to the ground when he sees an earl; and thinks of Pericles and Leo X. His colours are bright and gaudy as a Dutchman’s flower-garden, for they are put on with an eye to the Exhibition, in which every thing goes by glare. He has a great notion of the dignity of portrait painting. He would like to say to you, ‘Sir, I have painted four earls this year, and a marchioness, and if that’s not a high school of painting, tell me what is?’ He has a great contempt for Haydon, and is sure the nobility won’t employ him. He thinks the National Gallery a necessary perquisite of the Royal Academicians. ‘Lord, Sir,’ saith he, ‘if *we* did not manage the matter there would be no discrimination, and you might see Mr. Howard’s pictures in no better a situation than—’

“‘Mr. Martin’s—that *would* be a shame.’”

GREAT BRITAIN.

EASTLAKE’S PICTURE OF HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.—The beautiful and choice collection of works of Art, by American and European artists, belonging to Mr. Edward Carey, of Philadelphia, has just been still further enriched by the addition of an exquisite Painting by C. L. Eastlake, R. A. The Picture was painted expressly for its present owner, and was the acknowledged gem of the last exhibition of the Royal Academy. Of the numerous notices which appeared in the various London prints

we select the following from the Art-Union, fully concurring in the opinion expressed.

"The back of Ishmael is turned to the spectator, and Hagar is in the act of giving him water from an earthen cruise which she holds for him to drink from. The scene is the desert, and near Ishmael lie a bow and quiver, and upon the left of the quiver a fallen and withered palm. Conscious of his power, the author of this work has laid aside all meretricious auxiliary: the figures are appointed with that severe simplicity which best becomes a pure and lofty style. The drawing and painting of the back of the boy is beyond all praise: in breadth, texture, and colour, this piece of painting has never been excelled. An imitation of this we recommend to those who insist upon an offensive display of anatomy, and to those who would paint Ismael meagre and bony. It may be objected that the skin of the boy is too clear. This, assuredly, is not consistent with truth, but it is a transcendent licence, charming us into the spirit which has suggested it: such mastery could not have been shown with deeper tones. We never saw what may be termed "breathless anxiety" so fully depicted as in the face of Hagar—she is beautiful; but the beauty of the woman is lost in the feeling of the mother. The features and attitude express the intense passion of her agony lest the draught should have come too late. Few mothers can look upon this picture without tears. It is a source of deep and general concern that so few of this artist's works are publicly seen. Mr. Eastlake's feeling evidently inclines to the earlier rather than the later schools of Art. He amalgamates his figures but little with his backgrounds, but he obtains perspicuity by an inflexible breadth of style. His works have a religious severity, we had almost said sanctity of effect, which reminds us strongly of the earlier schools of Italy, and which no other artist of this age has achieved. The moment you look upon his pictures, you feel, as it were, in the presence of power and genius, and entertain a distaste to whatever may immediately follow. The subjects which Mr. Eastlake suggests are worthy of a high ambition. His own mind is not frittered away in efforts to produce mere amusement; he is indeed a great teacher, whose pencil is richly eloquent, and whose eloquence is most effective in the cause of virtue and truth. For simple purity and veritable worth, without seeming effort, he stands at the head of modern Art."

The Illustrated News says of the same production—"This is emphatically the great work of the exhibition—a picture which will live and rejoice the hearts of many generations. It is drawn with an ease and simplicity of line which powerfully reminds one of the grand style of Raffaele; and in its colouring it is as firm and clear as the best works of Corregio."

PROPOSED CHANGES IN WATERLOO BRIDGE.—A change of a novel and somewhat startling character has been proposed in the finest of the London bridges, consisting of a structure to be erected over the whole length and breadth of Waterloo Bridge, constituting a room or gallery, divided into suitable compartments, 1240 feet long, and 42 feet wide, with an uninterrupted promenade in the middle of the room, 12 to 15 feet wide, the whole length of the building. It is also proposed to con-

struct a conservatory over the room, extending the length of the three centre arches, about 400 feet long, 42 feet wide, and from 12 to 15 feet high, with plate glass fronts, and a promenading room at each end 18 feet by 42. The part of the room over the 3-side or end arches, is proposed to be lighted by skylights, consequently the apparent windows in that portion of the building are blank, whilst those under the conservatory will be glazed with plate glass. The room or gallery is proposed to be appropriated to the exhibition and sale of works of art, science, and literature, from *all parts of the world*, and to be denominated the European Universal Gallery.

The undertaking is an extensive one; but as the bridge has hitherto, in a monetary point of view, been a failure, it is more than probable that the projected changes will be made, since the rent of the proposed arcade would be a source of permanent revenue.

TEMPLE CHURCH.—The Temple Church is again about to be closed for two months, for further beautifications, during which time it will be thoroughly cleansed from a great quantity of dust which hangs about the grooves of the arches in the ceiling. The marble pillars are to be polished in a superior manner, and the entire wood-work is to be stained dark and polished. Above twenty thousand persons must have visited this building by Benchers' orders since it opened in November last, including the greater part of the Royal Family and nobility. The whole cost of the repairs, it is said, exceeds seventy thousand pounds.

WELLS CATHEDRAL.—The Dean and Chapter have made arrangements for the thorough repair of this beautiful structure, at an expense of seventy thousand pounds.

CHANTREY'S WELLINGTON STATUE.—The weight of metal given by government, from the cannon captured by the Hero of Waterloo, to the Committee for directing the execution of the city monument to that chief, amounts, it appears, to about nineteen tons; and about five tons only being required for the special purpose for which the grant was made, two bodies have made application to the City Committee for the surplus, to be applied in the completion of kindred works. The Duke of Rutland has addressed them to that effect, on behalf of the Committee for the erection of the equestrian statue by Wyatt to the Duke, which is to be placed over the triumphal arch in Piccadilly; urging with some plausibility, that the metal, which is the produce of his Grace's own victories, has an especially appropriate application to the Monuments which are intended to commemorate them: and Sir George Cockburn has advanced the claims of the Committee for the erection of the Nelson Monument, which it is still insinuated will be one day completed, in Trafalgar Square. A meeting has been held at the Mansion House, of the noblemen and gentlemen connected with the management of the City statue, for the purpose of hearing the arguments of the respective applicants; but no decision was then come to, the meeting having been adjourned till that day fortnight, when it is promised that an answer shall be returned.

THE BATTLE OF BRONZE.—The parlour of the Mansion House has been the field of a bloodless

battle, fought not *with* but *for* cannon; ballot-balls being used instead of bullets. The combatants were the Committee men of the City Wellington Statue; who are divided into two opposing parties—the one led by the Duke of Rutland and his Lieutenant (General) Sir Frederick Trench, commanding Wyatt's horse; the other marshalled by the officers of the Nelson Column. The contending forces being equal, the result was a drawn battle; through the Lord Mayor drew the City sword on the side of justice. The contest is certain to be renewed, however; and each party is beating up for recruits: Nelson at the mast-head and Wellington on horseback being the standards round which the respective forces rally. The bone of contention is a mass of gun-metal, the surplus produce of some brass cannon taken during the campaigns of Wellington, and placed by Government at the disposal of the Committee for erecting the bronze equestrian statue of the hero in the City. The Nelson Committee urge their claim to the metal on the score of poverty: not having gold enough, they beg for brass. The Duke of Rutland, in preferring the claim of his protégé, Mr. Wyatt, who is making the bronze equestrian statue of Wellington, to be set up on the triumphal arch opposite Apsley House, cannot plead any deficiency of either gold or brass; but the cannon, being the spoils of Wellington's victories, it is urged, with some show of reason, would be the most appropriate material of which to form a trophy to the conqueror.

IMPROMPTU ON WYATT'S EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF WELLINGTON.

A party select had met to inspect

The models at Wyatt's one day,

And praising "the horse," as a matter of course,

Swore none could its merits gainsay.

Said —, "Wyatt's hit it—I fairly admit it—

For contradict this no one may;

Though perhaps yon fine creature, he looks so like nature,

Might modestly put forth a neigh!"

THE NELSON COLUMN.—The construction of the Nelson Monument, Trafalgar Square, has, after a suspension of some months, been again proceeded with. Some of the leaves and volutes weigh two or three tons. It is expected that the monument will be finished by the end of the year.

THE ADDITIONAL PREMIUMS FOR CARTOONS.—The sum placed at the disposal of the Royal Commission by the proceeds of the first fortnight's exhibition is greater than was anticipated; amounting to upwards of eleven hundred pounds, including the sale of catalogues as well as the shilling admission. This has enabled the judges to award ten additional premiums of 100*l.* each; as follows.

No. 11. Una coming to seek the assistance of Gloriana: an allegory of the Reformed Religion seeking the assistance of England.....Frank Howard.

No. 13. The Seven Acts of Mercy. Una and the Red Cross Knight led by Mercy to the Hospital of the Seven Virtues...G. V. Rippingille.

No. 16. The Death of King Lear.....F. R. Pickersgill.

No. 31. The Angel Discoursing with Adam.....Sir W. C. Ross, R. A.

No. 45. Man beset by contending Passions.....Henry Howard, R. A.

No. 60. The Brothers releasing the Lady from the Enchanted Chair.....F. R. Stephanoff.

No. 63. The Brothers driving out Comus and his Rabble.....John Green Waller.

No. 92. St. Augustine preaching to the Britons.....W. C. Thomas.

No. 103. Alfred in the disguise of a Harper in the Danish Camp.....Marshall Claxton.

No. 122. The Plague of London, A. D. 1349.....Edward Corbould.

THE GOODWOOD CUPS.—We take the following notice of the latest works of that accomplished artist, Mr. Cotterill, who has in so eminent a degree made the sports of the field subservient to a very elegant and pleasing branch of the arts, from the *Morning Chronicle*:—

The two principal of these cups, executed by Mr. Cotterill, are remarkably fine works of art. They consist of groups, cast in silver—an improvement on the old system, for which, we believe, we are indebted to the above-named artist. One of these compositions is founded on an incident related in the "Wilde Jager" of the German poet Bürger, of which a translation, or, rather, an imitation, by Sir W. Scott, is appended to his poetical works. "The tradition," to use the words of Sir Walter, in describing this poem, "upon which it is founded, bears, that formerly a Wildgrave, or keeper of a royal forest, named Faulkenburg, was so much addicted to the pleasure of the chase, and otherwise so extremely profligate and cruel, that he not only followed this unhallowed amusement on the Sabbath, and other days consecrated to religious duty, but accompanied it with the most unheard-of oppression upon the poor peasants who were under his vassalage. When this second Nimrod died the people adopted a superstition, founded, probably, on the many various and uncouth sounds heard in the depths of a German forest during the silence of the night. They conceived they still heard the cry of the Wildgrave's hounds, and the well-known cheer of the deceased hunter, the sound of his horse's feet, and the rustling of the branches before the game; the pack and the sportsmen are also distinctly discriminated, but the phantoms are rarely, if ever, visible." The group is composed of the Wildgrave, who is represented spearing a deer, which has fled for succour to the very foot of the altar, and a venerable hermit, who appears protesting against such a desecration of the shrine. The composition is full of animation and spirit. The other group represents an incident in the novel of "Ivanhoe," where King Richard places himself at the head of the outlaws, in order to attack the castle of Reginald Front de Bœuf. The characters introduced are Richard, the Clerk of Copmanhurst, and Wamba, the fool. The expertness Mr. Cotterill exhibits in the delineation of both his human and equine characters is extraordinary. In other works of this class we hear of the design being made by one, the human figures executed by another, and the horses by a third artist; but the groups of which we are speaking owe their principal charms—those of consistence between the design and execution, and a well-sustained spirit throughout—to the fact of their being the work of one artist alone.

BELGIUM.

RESTORATION OF THE ANTWERP PICTURES.—The Council of the Royal Academy at Antwerp has decided on the restoration of the pictures of its rich museum; and the administration of the town has strongly approved this decision. The care of this important undertaking has been confided to M. Paul Kiewertz, who is to commence his delicate work by lining two pictures of Vandyke.

FRANCE.

THE LATE DUKE OF ORLEANS' MONUMENT.—The plan of the expiatory chapel of Sablonville, erected on the spot where the lamented Duke of Orleans lost his precious life, is that of a Greek cross, at the upper end of which is the altar, dedicated to the Virgin. In one of the sides of the cross is the chapel dedicated to Saint Ferdinand, and in the other a statue of the Duke of Orleans, in the dress of a general officer, and in the position in which he rested at the moment of his death. Above the head of the statue, which has been executed by M. Triquetti, after a design from the pencil of Ary Scheffer, the figure of an angel, sculptured by the Princess Mary, kneels as if in prayer; and on the principal front of the sarcophagus is represented France in the form of a genius in an attitude of grief, bewailing the loss which she has sustained. The works have been executed in an exceedingly short time, six months having scarcely elapsed since the purchase of the ground was concluded.

The Lady Chapel of the church of Saint-Nicolas-des-Champs, Paris, has recently been enriched by a Christ, of colossal proportions, painted on lava, on a gold ground, by M. S. Perlet, after the manner of the Byzantine mosaics which still adorn some of the Italian churches. This modern painting on lava is said to be one of the first essays of a kind peculiarly adapted to a northern climate, by its presenting a surface enamelled by fire, and therefore proof against damp.

The King of the French has presented to the city of Bruges casts from the finest marbles in the Museum of the Louvre, in acknowledgment of his Majesty's satisfaction at being allowed to take casts of the celebrated mantel-piece by Franc, and of the tombs of Charles the Bold and Mary of Burgundy, in that city.

SCULPTURED PEDIMENT FOR ST. VINCENT DE PAULE.—The municipal council of the city of Paris has just voted the funds necessary for the execution of the pediment of Saint Vincent de Paule, and of six large figures destined for the decoration of the façade of this church. The figures of the pediment, fourteen in number, will be like those of the Parthenon. This important work is confided to M. Nanteuil: the artists to be engaged for the statues are not yet appointed. All the windows in this monument are in course of execution.

GERMANY.

THE HERMANN MONUMENT.—The most colossal statue of modern times is that of San Carlo Borromeo, at Arona; but that stupendous figure will now be, if not quite rivalled in dimensions, surpassed as a work of Art, by the one of the ancient German hero, Hermann or Arminius, about to be erected on the summit of an eminence in the forest of Tonto-

burg, near Detmold, in Westphalia. The pedestal, which was commenced in September, 1841, is itself an architectural mass of considerable magnitude, of circular form, presenting somewhat of the appearance or supposed character of an ancient Saxon or Druidical monument, with massive polygonal pillars and intersecting arches, and covered by a solid dome-shaped block, serving as the immediate pedestal on which the figure will be placed. This last, which is now in course of being executed in bronze, by the sculptor Joseph Ernest von Bandel, will be forty-two feet high, or including the sword which the warrior holds raised in his right hand, about twenty feet more; and as the height of the pedestal, measured from the ground to the feet of the statue, is ninety-six feet, the entire height of the monument will be not less than one hundred and forty feet, not reckoning to its extreme point; therefore the work itself will altogether exceed in size that at Arona above mentioned. Considered merely by itself, the height alone is nothing very extraordinary, since it does not very much exceed that of the Duke of York's Column, and will be less than that of the Nelson one and its statue in Trafalgar-square; but when we compare this German monument with those in respect to bulk, the difference becomes immense, for the shaft of either of those columns would not be disproportionably too tall for a spear in the hand of Bandel's Arminius.

The project of this national monument is said to have been first startled by Bandel himself; and a committee was formed, and a subscription entered into at the beginning of 1838, on the 9th July in which year was laid the first stone of the pedestal or architectural portion of this gigantic work.

THE STATE OF THE ARTS AT BERLIN.—Some years ago the city of Munich held without dispute the first rank with respect to the Arts; but since Frederick William IV. has ascended the throne of Prussia, a noble emulation has been established between that king and his brother-in-law. The Prussian monarch undoubtedly intends to place Berlin in the same position as Weimer formerly held, that of being the intellectual centre of entire Germany. Not only does he assemble around him the most celebrated learned men, the most clever artists, but he furnishes them with the means and opportunities of bringing themselves forward. Thus a total change has taken place in the capital city of Prussia since the commencement of the reign of the present king; everywhere we see new and magnificent buildings, monuments are lavishly erected in the city, and the uncultivated and barren environs are now transformed into noble parks and gardens. In contemplating the projected improvements—a canal, which will alone cost several millions, another museum, a new church, a new library—we are almost tempted to doubt the possibility of these projects being carried into effect; but so many enterprises, so rapidly completed, lead us to believe that the king will never shrink from any sacrifice to realise these noble designs. We have, during some years, assisted in the foundation of a new gallery for pictures: its site is behind the old museum, and it is already in a very advanced state; it will contain magnificent apartments, but the exterior is somewhat deficient.

The new gallery will not long remain empty, as the collections of works of art are considerably in-

creasing. Professor Waagen made a stay of fourteen months in Italy to collect some pictures, which have recently arrived at Berlin.

An accident prevents a proper appreciation of all the riches acquired by the travels of M. Waagen. A vessel bearing a great part of these treasures narrowly escaped shipwreck, and will not arrive for some time at Berlin.

The museum has just been enriched with the cabinet of the celebrated architect Kempgens, which contained pictures from the German, Italian, and Flemish schools. Another journey is in contemplation, to be undertaken by a clever artist, for the purpose of increasing these treasures, and of making the gallery at Berlin one of the most considerable in Europe.

In the meantime Frederick William does not neglect the living artists; he has commanded the Professor Begas, the best colourist in Berlin, to complete a set of portraits of the most celebrated characters of Prussia. It is not yet known where they will be placed, but it is thought that the King has contemplated the plan of a Walhalla, destined to immortalize the heroes, the learned men, and the artists of Prussia.

From Dresden, we hear of three new models for colossal works, by the sculptor Haenel, to see which the public are flocking to his studio. One of these, a statue of Beethoven, is to be cast in bronze, at the Royal Foundry of Nuremberg, for Bonn, the great composer's native town. The two others, which are sitting figures of Shakspeare and Molière, respectively, will be executed in Carrara marble, for the façade of the new theatre at Dresden.

LESSING AND VEIT.—The Academy of Painting at Frankfort-on-the-Maine has been a prey to an intestine war respecting a picture of Lessing. This city formerly possessed three historical pictures of this master; but, as soon as a proposition was made to purchase a fourth, a violent opposition arose, at the head of which was the director, Philip Veit. The subject of this picture was taken from the history of John Hus, and gave great offence to the Catholics. After many long debates it has been determined to purchase this work, consequently M. Veit has deemed it right to send in his resignation. It is said that he has united himself with M. Steinle, and that the two intend forming a new school, which, in rivalry with the academy, will labour to propagate the ideas of Overbeck. The artists of Munich and Middle Germany will become partisans of Veit, those of Berlin and Southern Germany will league themselves with the Academy of Frankfort.

VANDALISM IN MUNICH.—It appears that "during the night of Sunday, the 2d ult., the frescoes which decorated the arcades of the royal residence at Munich were so injured by some pointed instrument as to be now wholly undistinguishable." When, some years ago, the taste and liberality of the King of Bavaria commissioned and encouraged the execution of these works of Art—which, although of secondary excellence, were yet of importance, as tending to nourish and improve the educated sensibilities of the people—it was a debated question whether the public should be admitted, and if admitted, whether they should not be so under the surveillance of sentinels. The point was

finally decided by the King in a memorable expression—"No sentinels: there shall be nothing between my people and their intellectual enjoyment of the BEAUTIFUL." Nor was there; neither were the King's hopes defeated: for months the people were admitted—and "See," said one of the artists who had decorated the walls, "there is not a speck upon the frescoes;" and years have since only added to the security of months. The present injury is supposed to be a personal act of spite, and is as much denounced as such an act can be; but it is yet to be determined whether, although the injury be national, the agent is one of the lower classes of the people.

MONUMENT TO WALTER VAN DER VOGELWEIDE.—A monument is about to be erected at Würzburg, to the memory of the celebrated Minnesinger, of that city, Walter Van der Vogelweide. Its execution is intrusted to the sculptor Halbig. The monument will represent birds feeding from a vessel, having reference to Walter's strange will, that four holes might be made in his grave-stone, that the birds might drink daily from them: hence his name, Van der Vogelweide, "he of the bird pasture."

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.—At a recent meeting of the committee charged to superintend the completion of the Cathedral of Cologne, Archbishop de Geissel stated that he had received a letter from the King of Bavaria, announcing that he had directed his representative at the Germanic Diet to present a proposition to the other members, calling on each to engage to pay some certain sum every year until the edifice was completely finished. Should this proposition, as he hoped, be acceded to, the King undertook to contribute ten thousand florins a-year from his privy purse during his lifetime, and he had no doubt that his successor would continue the same contribution.

The committee formed at Munich in aid of the funds for the completion of the cathedral, have collected the sum of twenty-eight thousand four hundred and ninety-five florins for the present year. It has been arranged that the Bavarian contributions shall be applied to the completion of the northern transept, and the north side of the nave. The King of Prussia devotes fifty thousand thalers per annum to the southern side, and ten thousand to the chief entrance. The temporary roof has already been removed, and gigantic scaffoldings, both inside and outside the cathedral, show that the work has commenced in earnest.

GREECE.

A marble column, with an inscription, has been erected on the hill of Colonus, near the Academy at Athens, to the memory of the great classical scholar, Ottfried Müller.—An observatory is in the course of erection, and will soon be completed, on the Hill of the Nymphs, in the same city. It is cruciform, built of materials dug on the spot, and stands so high that it is visible from the Piræus. Freiherr von Lina, a Viennese gentleman, has contributed 60,000 drachms towards the work.—A beautiful colossal statue, in good preservation, has been found in the plain of Marathon, and deposited in the Museum at Athens. It is Egyptian in style, and is supposed to be either an Antinous or an Apollo.

It is mentioned, in letters from Athens, that the restoration of the Acropolis, under the direction of the Archaeological Society, is daily bringing to light important remains of that venerable building; among the rest, two pieces belonging to the frieze of the north side of the temple, representing part of a festive procession.

RAJAH RAMMOHUN ROY.—The papers mention that a sum of money has been received from India to defray the expenses of erecting a monument over the grave of Rajah Rammohun Roy, who died some years since at Bristol, and whose remains are now deposited in the cemetery near that city. It is to be in the Hindoo style of architecture.

Thorwaldsen has received a commission from the King of Denmark to execute three pediments for the castle at Copenhagen, and one for the Town Hall. He is also to prepare several statues, of which four, for the façade of the castle, are to be in bronze, representing Nemesis, Minerva, Esculapius, and Hercules. The sculptor's great work, "The Procession to Golgotha," is said to be far advanced.—M. Marochetti, the sculptor, to whom has been intrusted the Glasgow Wellington Memorial, has just terminated the group destined for the grand altar of the Madeleine. It is in white marble, and represents the apotheosis of Mary Magdalen.—M. Horace Vernet is charged, it is said, with the execution of a picture representing the capture of Abdel Kader's Smalah by the Duke d'Aumale, to be placed in the Algerian Gallery, at Versailles.—A Viennese painter, Josephine Götzl-Sepolina, has received the large gold medal for her picture in this year's Paris exhibition. The King of the French has also bought her portrait of Prince Milosch Obrenowitsch, to place in the hall "de mes contemporains" in Versailles.—A monument is about to be erected at Thorn to the memory of Copernicus, for which subscriptions have been raised all over the Continent.

SIR SYDNEY SMITH.—A monument is about to be erected, by subscription, to the memory of the late Admiral Sir Sydney Smith, in the burial ground of Père-la-Chaise. The subscription list contains the names of many of the officers and soldiers of the French army who served in Egypt—a sacrifice of national prejudice worthy of general imitation.

TESTIMONIAL TO MACREADY.—The superb piece of plate subscribed for by the friends and admirers of Macready, as an acknowledgment of his efforts to restore the national drama, represents Shakspeare standing on a pedestal, at the base of which, Mr. Macready, habited in the costume of the early stage, is seated, having in his hands a volume. He is attended by Thalia and Melpomene, and, as connected with the subject on which the actor is supposed to be employed—the restoration of the original text of the plays of Shakspeare—the muse Clio is also introduced. Apollo, with attendants, celebrating the bard's triumphs, form the back part of the group. The three sides of the base on which this portion of the testimonial stands, represent, in bas relief, the senate scene from *Othello*, the prologue scene from *Henry the Fifth*, and the senate scene from *Coriolanus*. At the angles are three boys bearing tablets, on which are depicted the

storm scene in *Lear*, the meeting with the witches in *Macbeth*, and the appearance of *Ariel* in the *Tempest*. The scenes are executed in relief in frosted silver, of very exquisite workmanship, and the chasing and filigree scrolls are manipulated in the most delicate style.

The completion of a testimonial, of another kind of interest, was celebrated, on the same day, on the field of Chalgrove, where Hampden first unfurled his flag, and where also he died two centuries ago,—by the inauguration of a monument to the memory of that illustrious patriot and martyr. The inscription on the pillar and the particulars of the celebration were given in our August number.

CUTTING THROUGH THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.—The long contemplated achievement of science, the cutting through this isthmus, is likely, at no distant day to be attempted. M. Guizot lately read to the French Chamber of Deputies a letter from Baron Humboldt in favour of the plan. From a document forwarded to the Academy of Sciences by Mr. Warden, an American citizen, it appears that the cutting necessary to unite the two seas, by means of the three rivers, Vinto-Tinto, Bernardino, and Faren, is but twelve and a half miles in length. The fall will be regulated by four double locks of forty-five mètres long. The canal will be altogether forty-nine miles in extent, forty-three mètres fifty centimètres wide at the surface, seventeen mètres fifty centimètres at the bottom, and having a depth of six mètres fifty centimètres. It will be navigable for vessels of from one thousand to fourteen hundred tons burthen. All the materials necessary for the construction of the canal are found on the soil which it has to traverse; and the total cost has been estimated at two million seven hundred and seventy-eight thousand six hundred and fifteen dollars, including the price of four steam-boats, and two iron bridges, forty-six mètres long, and opening for the passage of ships.

According to a communication made by M. Arago to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, on the 5th, a contract has been entered into by Messrs. Baring and Co., of London, with the Republic of New Grenada, in virtue of which the Republic is to cede to them the line required for the projected canal across the Isthmus of Panama with eighty thousand acres of land on the two banks, and four hundred thousand acres in the interior of the country. Messrs. Baring and Co. had, it is said, in the first instance fixed the amount of toll for the navigation of the canal at the price of eighteen francs per ton; but they have reduced it to eight francs. The work, upon which from four to five thousand men are to be engaged, is to be completed in five years.

EDUCATION OF ANIMALS.—Two years ago, we noticed the experiments of M. Léonard, in which that gentleman exhibited two dogs under a degree of command which implied a higher developement of faculties than had hitherto been witnessed. M. Léonard is here again, having in the interim, he informs us, tested his theories and the skill of his methods, by applying them to the education (if it may be so styled) of horses; and he is now anxious to go, step by step, through his process of training, in the presence of those whom it may interest, with the view of promulgating principles which he believes capable of general application. We must

add, that M. Léonard appears anxious not to be confounded with those who exhibit tricks for pecuniary profit; his desire apparently being, to bring what he conceives an important discovery before some of the scientific bodies, for philanthropic purposes.

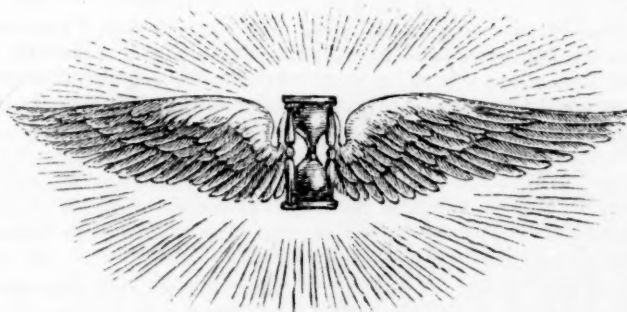
ELECTRICITY OF THE HUMAN FRAME.—Bichat has divided the nerves into two systems—the system of animal life, having the brain and spinal marrow for its centre, whose nerves pursue a direct course to the organs of sense, locomotion, and the voice; and the system of organic life, distributed to the organs of digestion, circulation, secretion, respiration, &c.; the first being the system over which the immaterial principle exercises its influence, and the last independent of the will and appropriated to the performance of the vital functions. The active agent by which these wonderful operations are effected, which forms the communication between the material and immaterial principles, is found on the very verge of matter, in a modification of the most subtle, pure, penetrating and powerful of all the elements—in electricity, in short. The animal body may derive it from a constant source, namely, vital air, with which one of the electricities is naturally combined—that, by unity with the opposite electricity, given out by the lungs, it may cause the regular production of animal heat. It may be conducted by the carbon of the blood to all the various organs, and produce in them the chemical effects which, it is now ascertained, can result from the galvanic action.

CONSUMPTION CURABLE.—A French physician, M. Emile Pereyra, writes that he has no doubt that

pulmonary consumption is to be cured. Of three hundred and sixty-two patients under his care since 1838, two hundred and forty-two have been dismissed, half of them at least in a very satisfactory state. His treatment is cod-liver oil, and a tonic and strengthening regimen. All the sufferers had ulcerated tubercles.

ANNIHILATION OF MIASMA.—We hear from Odesa, that the medical commission sent to Egypt by the Russian government, has transmitted some highly important intelligence to the authorities of New Russia. The experiments which have been made with the view of purifying objects infected with the plague by means of heat, have proved perfectly successful; and the commission hope to prove the efficacy of caloric as a specific means of annihilating the miasma.

BIRKBECK PROFESSORSHIP.—The Council of University College, at a recent session, received another present of a £500 Exchequer Bill from their former benefactor, "Patriot." This generous donation was transmitted to Lord Brougham, to be applied for the benefit of the institution. The fund for which the College is indebted to this munificent friend to liberal education now amounts to £3,844. A portion of the fund, £500, Lord Brougham has directed to be applied towards the testimonial to Dr. Birkbeck, as soon as the contributions derived from other sources shall amount to £1,000, and the founding in University College a Professorship of Machinery and Manufactures, to be called the "Birkbeck Professorship."



OBITUARY.

MR. ELTON, the accomplished actor, a member of the Theatres Royal, London, was lost in the disastrous wreck of the steamer Pegasus, on the morning of Thursday, July 20th, on its way from Leith to London. He was in the forty-ninth year of his age.

The friends of this most amiable man have been busied since his loss has been known, both in Edinburgh and London, to get up subscriptions and a benefit to meet the wants of his seven orphan children; we are certain their appeal will not be made in vain. Whatever opinions might be entertained in the play-going world as to Mr. Elton's power or manner in portraying the characters which his sound education and fine taste enabled him to comprehend and appreciate in the highest and purest way, there never has been but one feeling as to the personal respect he commanded and the

esteem he was held in by the public for his talent, and by those who knew him in private for his most kind and generous nature. Cut off from those who depended on and loved him, in the forty-ninth year of his age, it is impossible to imagine any thing more distressing than his loss, not only to his children, but to his own parents and the mother of his wife, the latter an old lady who continued to receive after her daughter's death the attention and affection of a child from her generous and unchanging son-in-law. On Saturday, July 22, his young daughters, in anticipation of his return, had decked his room with flowers, and sat up, eagerly awaiting his return. On Sunday they were told they should see him no more!

After various engagements at the London minors, Mr. Elton appeared at Covent Garden, under the management of Mr. Osbaldiston, in the season

of 1837, January 19, as *Walter Tyrrell*, in the drama of that name. His claim to the rank of an admirable actor was at once recognised. From that period till his lamented death he continued a member of the theatres royal. Educated and accomplished, he enjoyed the society of the most celebrated for talent in literature and the fine arts, and to his necessitous brother actors his time and purse were open. He was chairman and treasurer of the Minor General Theatrical Fund, to which institution he devoted his best energies.

It is expected that a sufficient sum will be raised by subscription to place the family on the high road to independence, with scope for their own exertions to assist those of the members who are able, as we know they are most willing, to assist themselves. Mr. Charles Dickens has been making considerable exertions, backed by some of the first people in art and literature, who considered Elton as their friend, and his brother performers are evincing their zeal by every means in their power. Mr. Macready has opened his purse with his usual liberality, but refuses to play, having pledged himself to the English public not to do so for some time.

PRINCE AUGUSTUS OF PRUSSIA.—News was received at Berlin on the 19th July, of the death of his Royal Highness Prince Augustus of Prussia, while on a tour to inspect the artillery, of which he was commander-in-chief. His Royal Highness was born in 1779, and was the youngest son of Prince Augustus Ferdinand of Prussia, brother of Frederick the Great.

Dr. HAHNEMANN, the founder of homœopathy, died in Paris on Sunday, July 2, aged 88. The *Commerce* says:—"Dr. Hahnemann was born in 1755, at Meissen, of poor parents, and owed his education to the great aptitude for learning he gave evidence of at the little school where he was first placed. He was received doctor in physic at Heidelberg in 1781, and discovered, in 1790, the new system, which he afterwards designated homœopathy. He continued until 1826 his experiments and researches on his new system, and then published the result of his labours, under the title "*Matière Médicale Pure*." In 1829 he published his "*Theory of Chronic Diseases, and their remedies*," of which he gave a second edition in 1840. To those works must be added his "*Organon de l'Art de Guérir*," which ran through five editions. He also published nearly two hundred dissertations on different medical subjects.

The same papers record the death of one of the remarkable personages of the generation which has now all but passed away—remarkable for the evidence which she has furnished of the amount of superstition which has contrived to maintain itself amid the strong lights of the nineteenth century—and still more remarkable for the real influence which she may have had in calling up and directing many of the phantoms of an empire that arose and vanished before the eyes of a single age, like a thing made of shadows itself. The fame of *Mdlle. LENORMAND* seems to have been fully established by her prediction of sovereignty to Napoleon; and since that oracle was given, all the great actors, male and female, of the swarming scenes which followed—and which it seems so like a

dream to look back upon—and, after the Restoration, far more of our own countrywomen than would choose openly to record the fact, are said to have passed through the temple of the French Pythoness. *Mdlle. Lenormand* has left, it is stated, a fortune of 500,000 francs, and has died at the age of seventy-two; having lingered, as it should seem, to wind up all the straggling portions of the great vision to which she more properly belonged. When the philosophical history of the French revolutions that have marked and moulded the first half of the nineteenth century shall come to be properly written, the name of *Mdlle. Lenormand* must have a place there.

We have accounts from America of the decease of its most imaginative painter, *Mr. WASHINGTON ALLSTON*, Associate of our Royal Academy. This took place at Cambridge, in his sixty-fourth year. Though nearly thirty years have elapsed since *Mr. Allston* quitted England, and his works have since but seldom appeared in our exhibition rooms, we have not forgotten some which remain in our principal collections: the Egremont "*Jacob's Dream*," and "*Elisha*," *Mr. Labouchere's* "*Elijah in the Desert*," and the Stafford "*Uriel*." We have heard those curious in pedigree point to *Mr. Allston* as the first in that gorgeous style of perspective painting, which *Martin* and *Danby* have so richly adorned. A still elder artist, however, might be named, *Paul Brill*. *Mr. Allston* occupied himself with other graceful pursuits besides his own art. A volume of poems was published during his residence in England, and it is but a year or two since, that we reported on his "*Monaldi*," an Italian romance of considerable power. He married a sister of *Dr. Channing*, whom he survived some years.

The German poet, *FREDERICK KIND*, author of the libretto to the *Freyschutz*, died at Dresden last week, on the night that masterpiece was performed at the Royal Theatre for the one hundred and eighty-sixth time.

MADAME PICHLER.—At Vienna, at the advanced age of seventy-four, *Madame Caroline de Pichler (née Greiner)*. Several of her works, for instance, "*Urgalya*," have been introduced into our literature.

Mr. SAVAGE, (author of the "*Dictionary of Printing*,") died at Doddington-grove, Kennington, aged seventy-three.

Mr. MORRITT.—We are sorry to have to announce the death of *Mr. J. B. S. Morrirt*, of Rokeby-park, Yorkshire, who died on the 12th instant, after a lingering illness, in the seventy-second year of his age. He was one of the earliest and most extensive Greek travellers of the present generation, and after two years spent in the interesting countries of the East, he returned with a mind replete with classical information, and a taste for every liberal art. It was during his residence abroad that *Bryant* promulgated his fanciful theories on the site of Troy. On his return, with *Chevalier* and others, he entered keenly into the Trojan controversy, and became one of the most successful supporters of *Homer*, and able vindicators of his location of the Troad. His two dissertations are familiar to every classical scholar, and went as far towards the settlement of that "*vexata quæstio*" as any of the productions of the period.